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The Shadow of the Bastile;

Or, THE HAND OF POMPADOUR

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER I.

IN THE ROYAL GARDEN.

FROM the banks of a bosky bosquet, whose dark green waters shimmered in the moonlight, a young girl was playfully throwing roses at a group of stately snow-white swans. She was the perfection of youth and loveliness and the loose sleeves of her dress, thrown back by her sport, revealed a pair of arms that would have thrown a sculptor into raptures.

That she was of good blood one could have seen at a glance, and it is needless to say that she was proud of her lineage, for she was Yolande d'Amboise, a lady in waiting at the court of Louis XV. and the belle of courtly Paris.

The bosquet was situated in the heart of the garden of the Palais Royal, that stately and historic structure recently readorned by the king for the pleasure of his new favorite, the haughty, intriguing and beautiful Madame de Pompadour.

The young girl whose age was but nineteen, had stolen into the garden, as she thought, unobserved, for the purpose of having a few moments to herself away from the fatiguing pleasures of a most voluptuous court. Her dark eyes scintillated wonderfully while she pelted the swans with flowers and so entranced was she with her favorite occupation that she did not hear the footsteps behind her.

All at once, however, the breaking of a twig called her from her diversion and she turned to come face to face with a young man who sprang forward and clasped her in his arms.

She blushed deeply at his liberty, but did not try to discourage herself, showing that his attentions were not disagreeable to her.

"I have been seeking you everywhere," he said, as he suddenly held her off and gazed into her bewitching eyes. "I might have known that I would find you here."

"Why not here?" she answered, returning his look with one of adoration. "Is not this my favorite spot?"

"Yes, and the birds are ever ready to welcome their beautiful mistress."

For a moment at least the swans were forgotten, for the couple drew back deeper into the shade and found a seat on a gilded settee that had been placed there.

"I have not been at court, as you know, for some time," continued the young noble, "I have just returned from a little mission to Gascony and have had but little time to regulate my apparel," and he glanced at his handsome riding habit, which was supplemented by a sword which dangled at his side.

"Methinks you have avoided the narrow, mud-covered highways," she replied with a little laugh. "At least you have kept your garments in the best of order."

"Truth to tell, my dear, I did look out for number one. I had a little adventure, however, but came out first best."

"You were not attacked, I hope."

There was deep solicitude in voice and look.

"Three evil fellows did attempt to bar my

prurience, thinking, perhaps, I was carrying presents for Madame Pompadour, but my good horse, to say nothing of my hinds, taught them a lesson, and hereafter they will doubtless give Henri d'Ambiay a wide berth."

"You drew blood, then?"

"It was well, I hope," he answered, laughing. "I did not thrust to kill, no indeed, my fair Yolande. One foolish rat broke through his muscles; another slit it in his right arm and the last rascal cut dirt and fled."

"I am glad you did not kill, Henri," she said. "Blood has already been shed in the king's name, and some day his Majesty may rend those fellows to pieces."

D'Ambiay was silent for a moment and then he asked quickly:

"What is the news at Court?"

"There is but little news. Oh, yes, the young Count of Artoise was incarcerated but yesterday."

"In the Bastile?"

"Yes, in that dreadful prison which puts an end to so many careers."

"And pray what was the charge?"

"Is it not rumored that it was Madame's white?"

A dark cloud for a moment came to Henri d'Ambiay's face and he almost dropped the twig which he had picked up.

"I know," said he. "Madame has many whims and they not seldom people a great deal. If it were not for her——"

Yolande d'Ambiay was on her feet with clasped hands.

The young man sprang away and was hidden by the bushes. He was not absent long and when he came back with a cynical smile overspread his handsome face.

"Others then ourselves are in the garden tonight!" he exclaimed in a low voice.

"You saw some one, then?"

"A woman's garment and a red robe."

"The Red Abbe!" cried Yolande. "What can have brought him to the garden?"

"Perchance we will wrest that secret from him one of these days," remarked Henri drily as he seat the rapier back in its sheath.

"And the woman?" asked the girl anxiously.

"I caught but the merest glimpse of her. It was but a tantalizing glance at the feet. But tell me, dove, is the Duchess De Launy still in Court?"

"Yes," answered Yolande scarcely above a whisper, as she put her arm about his neck.

"By my troth, the figure was here, at——"

"Shall we not go back?" broke in the girl. "I may be needed in the palace."

"In a moment. But tell me. What is the latest intrigue?"

"They say such things from me," with a smile. "I am not Madame's confidante, you know."

"Surely not. But there is the noise again," and Henri sprang away once more.

In a moment the girl heard his voice, stern and quick, and then he reappeared dragging after him a girl thirteen who struggled with all the fury of a little gamin in his grasp.

Behold," cried D'Ambiay, thrusting the little culprit forward. "I caught the monkey in the act, almost."

The boy turned upon his captor a vengeful look and drew back.

"Who are you, you young scamp?" demanded Henri as he shook the boy roughly. "You are accused of yourself or I'll let you taste the tip of the best rapier in all France."

"You dare not!" exclaimed the boy with flashing eyes. "You dare not carry out a threat like that."

"See! he dares me!" laughed Henri with a glance at the girl. "And why not, boy?"

"The Bastile answers you," was the reply. "Ho! ho!" cried D'Ambiay. "Let me see if you carry one of Madame's letters decached on your person," and his hands began to rummage through the lad's dress.

Alarmed at her order showed, Yolande interposed a hand and checked the search.

"Henri, this is a secret anyhow," said the young noble. "Madame would not send you on this spying mission!"

"Not if she knew, Henri," said Yolande. "Would it not be best to let him go?"

"Let you gone, then," and the youngster turned to depart. "Keep your distance for my good blade awaits the traitor's blood."

The boy was gone in an instant and then Henri looked at the girl and said:

"Some one sent the boy," said he. "Was it the Red Abbe or the woman?"

"Heaven knows!"

"I shall be my mission to ferret it out!" he exclaimed with vigor. "I will not be set upon by a pack of spies. I care not if it is another of Madame's red robes!"

"Madame de Pompadour is the king's mistress!"

"More than that, as the world knows," interrupted the young man. "I am Henri d'Ambiay."

"And the gates of the Bastile never swing outward," said a solemn voice to the right.

The young couple looked at one another speechless with astonishment. D'Ambiay would have leaped in the direction from which the voice came but Yolande d'Ambiose held him back.

"No more tonight," she whispered. "I will see you again, Henri. Heaven be with and protect you!" and she kissed him and holding up her fair brow for a lover's kiss she bounded away like a deer and was in an instant lost to view.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN WHO RULED.

At almost the same hour when Henri d'Ambiay was beating the bushes of the royal garden for eavesdroppers, in one of the most luxurious apartments of the Palais Royal sat a woman who controlled the destinies of France.

She was known as Madame de Pompadour, or Madame la Marquise as she was called her. She had come into the king's life through studied subtlety, using all the arts of her sex, and certainly her history tells how well she succeeded. The daughter of a butcher, she had risen to the garden of velna, but it would have been worth one's life to have whispered it in her presence. Yes. Merciful? no. A beautiful serpent and a creature with few commendable traits was she, the one of whom we write of friends.

She half reclined in the sumptuous chair, bedizened with jewels which she purchased, ransom and clad in raiment to pay for a king's ransom, and as she sat thinking she seemed built asleep with the warm winds of a thoutless night and her brooding was deep.

Across the room a servant wearing the royal livery, scarlet and white, was waiting for her summons. Presently footsteps were heard in a corridor beyond the room and Madame la Marquise aroused herself and stole a questioning look toward the lackey.

"See who is without, Andree," said Madame de Pompadour.

In another moment the attendant opened the door and a young woman rushed forward.

"Ah, my Celine!" exclaimed the king's favorite, rising and lighting with joy. "Truth to tell, I have been dreaming of you. You are so good and so faithful, sometimes to my dream summons."

The person who had entered executed a courtesy and then drew off a pace.

"Methinks you have had some excitement," continued the lady of the house. "I see you have no secrets from me——"

"Except of yourself or I'll let you taste the tip of the best rapier in all France."

"You dare not!" exclaimed the boy with flashing eyes. "You dare not carry out a threat like that."

"See! he dares me!" laughed Henri with a glance at the girl. "And why not, boy?"

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"Not to-night, Celine," said the royal mistress, with a sharp look at the woman. "Tell me, she said looking at the flushed face of the Duchess de Launy.

"I was sitting in the garden when I made the discovery," was the reply. "I was unaware that any one was about myself and abroad, but I was suddenly undeceived. I came upon the pair."

"A pair, you say?"

"Yes, Marquise. The voice of the young lady sounded familiar to me and, exercising the curiosity of our sex, I drew nearer and observed."

"Hasten to the conclusion!" cried the king's favorite, her eyes flashing with impatience, as you may see."

"The young lady was none other than one of your ladies in waiting, Mademoiselle d'Ambiose."

"What!" and Madame de Pompadour stamped the carpet madly with her slipper-ed foot.

"I saw her with my own eyes," proceeded Celine. "I did not know that her companion had returned from Gascony."

"What is that?" and Madame la Marquise bent forward and fixed her eyes upon the companion. "Back from Gascony, did you say?"

"Yes, but he is not to blame. It is the girl."

A frown deepened on Madame's face.

"I'll discipline both of them!" she cried. "I'll make them dance in the royal garden into a trysting place."

At that moment and before the young duchess could respond the door was thrown open and a little thin-faced man wearing a red robe, entered. It was the Red Abbe.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at sight of the Duchesse de Launy. "I did not think Madame la Marquise was closeted with any one."

"It is no intrusion, good abbe," smiled the occupant of the gilded chair. "Royal garden, had an adventure like the end, the duchesse?"

"Aye, your Grace," said the Red Abbe, coming forward. "The intruder has returned. Henri d'Ambiay is back from Gascony."

"So I have just been informed. Thank Heaven there is a Bastile for such people!" The face of the young duchesse went pale at these words and she stole the abbe a fearful glance.

"But, Madame," she hastened to say, "the girl is the intriguante. Monsieur Henri has been caught in her wilful snares and she——"

Madame la Marquise raised her fan in a gesture of silence and the duchesse was still.

"We shall see," she said, speaking but one remove above a whisper. "If our good friend Celine would withdraw for a few moments I would have speech with the abbe."

Taking the hint, which was really a command, the young duchesse made obeisance and stole away. When the door had closed behind her the occupant of the gilded chair drew nearer to the Red Abbe.

"Again I ask you, good Gaspard?" she queried.

"Quite well, your Grace."

"Where was the other?" asked Madame. "You know to whom I refer. Where was D'Ambiay's counterfeit foil?"

"She? ah the abbe at a venture.

"Yes—yes—the Baron La Nuit" cried Madame de Pompadour, raising her voice. "Where was the last at a game of doublon with the Sieur de Bassompierre."

"Of his guard, was he?" exclaimed the Marquise.

The Red Abbe was silent.

Madame la Marquise turned to the youth at the door and beckoned him forward.

"Summon the Sieur de La Nuit to me at once," was the command as Celine departed.

In less than five minutes the door opened and a tall young noble in a black doublet and hose, sword and wearing a cloak of straight sword, entered.

The king's favorite fixed her eyes upon him from the first.

"Much has been doing tonight!" she exclaimed. "Your dear friend the Sieur d'Ambiay has returned."

The look and surprise struggled for the mastery in La Nuit's eyes.

"Back in Paris tonight——"

"I understand, my friend," interrupted the woman, "that your men would stop him——"

"They were good fellows and true. I gave them particular orders. All are good with the rapier——"

"But he is here. Not only this: he has been making love in the royal garden."

"What!" cried La Nuit's face, but it quickly reddened again.

"I'll dip the blade of this Gascon eagle!" cried he, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword. "I'll show him that in Paris there is a foil that could write a will with a white face and distended eyes gazed at him.

"Yes, duchesse?" cried the young noble, as he fell back. "Mesemed you have been playing a little game of your own."

"And why not? Have I not to play such a game than I?" was the quick rejoinder.

"I will not be trifled with," laughed La Nuit. "Just now I have business of importance elsewhere," and he attempted to pass the young duchesse to her hand gripped his arm.

"I know, for I have heard," she said, looking him fearlessly in the face. "You must not go. You were not for her, but you must not harm him."

"By my troth! I take orders from a new quarter," said La Nuit again, essaying a smile.

"You have heard," was the answer. "You must not harm Henri d'Ambiay. Take the girl, she is nothing to me."

"And leave him in my path? My dear duchesse, you did know the lust of the La Nuits."

He shook her off by a desperate effort and retreated down the corridor. She sprang after him with the fury of a tigress long famished and unchained.

"You shall not!" she cried. "Take the girl, I say! Let me have the man for which."

"Mad for love, eh?" laughed La Nuit. "I have here something that settles all accounts!" and striking the hilt of his sword, he vaulted down the corridor and was gone.

Madame de Pompadour had cause for hating the Sieur d'Ambiay.

Of excellent lineage himself—being the youngest member of a family distinguished for years in French annals—he naturally despised the woman whose great charms have been a mesthlock. He had never breathed his passion to any one, but Madame la Marquise argued from his sometime superciliousness that in her presence that he had no love for her.

On the other hand, the Duchesse de Launy was madly infatuated with D'Ambiay. She was willing to sacrifice Yolande in order to possess him. Under the circumstances, whilst Gaston La Nuit was eager to put D'Ambiay out of the way that he might win the beauty of the House of Amboise.

It was plot and counterplot and both La Nuit and Celine were the unconscious tools of the Pompadour.

A more gruesome and intriguing curtain than Louis the Fifteenth's never existed. It was, indeed, a page in this day, a blot on the fair name of France.

But let us again take up the thread of our story.

When the Sieur de La Nuit stormed from the chamber of the occupant of the Palais Royal it was with the intention of hunting down and slaying D'Ambiay. He knew of the Marquise's hatred, knew that she stood ready to shut the doors of the Bastile upon his more favored rival, but this did not suit him.

He was also aware that Celine would interfere to save D'Ambiay for himself. He would brush all obstacles aside. None should possess Yolande but himself, and he angered him to think that the three rascals whom he had stationed on the road to Gascony to waylay his rival had failed of their foil purpose.

He was accounted one of the best swordsmen in the kingdom and he stood high at Court. But he had not once turned the tide or battle in his monarch's favor.

A few moments after quitting the palace he might have been seen beating the gardens in search of his rival. His hand was ever on the hilt of his sword and vows of rage and vengeance continually parted his lips.

Disappointed, La Nuit at last turned back toward the palace.

Meanwhile Henri d'Ambiay, after parting with Yolande in the circular garden, had proceeded to his own apartments on the second floor of the Palais. He stood high in his king's favor and Louis had graciously granted sumptuous lodgings in the palace to the young Gascon.

D'Ambiay had much to think about.

It was not difficult for him to ferret out the true villainy of the plot that had sought to stop him on his return ride. They had been sent out by some enemy, for they were not mere robbers although the byways of the kingdom at the time were infested by a lot of freebooters who plundered travelers without mercy.

It was an hour later when, having changed his riding habit for a handsomer suit, he emerged from his apartments into a wide corridor which led the way to one of the main staircases. This corridor was lighted by three huge candelabra and by sconces on candelabra suspended from the lofty ceiling.

D'Ambiay was making his way toward the staircase at a rapid pace when suddenly flung open a short distance ahead and three well dressed fellows sprang forward.

They were armed with rapiers and though well dressed, it was plain that they were not attendants of the royal household.

"Not so fast, M. d'Ambiay!" suddenly cried the leader, a tall, dark man of a fellow in slashed doublet, wide sleeves and dark purple leggings. "We would a word or two with you."

"How with me, sirs?" said the young man. "I do not remember to have talked with you."

"No business with us, Jacques!" laughed one of the others. "Messeems he considers himself above us."

"I do if you would know the truth," haughtily broke in D'Ambiay "I have no business with such as you, sir."

Being but one against three it was dangerous for the young lover to speak such words into the teeth of such scoundrels, but he unsheathed not his blade nor did his hand on the hilt of his sword.

If this action was taken for a challenge it was enough for the next second the rapier blades leaped from as many scabbards and the fight was on.

D'Ambiay had the candles at his back and the light fell full and somewhat blinding in the faces of his adversaries. This, however, did not embarrass them, they seemed to good them to the work they had in hand and they came at him three abreast with the points of their rapiers held at his breast.

Fearing that they would attempt to get behind him, the Gascon turned till he had the good solid wall at his back, when he presented a formidable front to his foes.

"Guard!" cried one of the three. "We are going to make some bad blood in the royal palace."

To this boast and falsehood D'Ambiay made no reply, but his lips came together with a firm snap and he cut his blade and turned aside one of the thrusting weapons.

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It was a dextrous move, for he was an accomplished swordsman, and the three ruffians in velvet soon discovered that they were coping with one who knew all the tricks and vantages of a sword duel.

"Rush the varlet!" he heard the leader of the three say to his companions and they came at him full tilt, with weapons flashing in his face and every fighting nerve high strung.

He beat them off coolly as if engaged in a bloodless sword-play, but they renewed the conflict, shaking the air with furious oaths, and D'Amblay's blood grew hot.

"The walls behind him!" snapped one of the rascals as he became maddened by a little stream of blood that dyed his cuff. "He can't retreat. Now we have the king's traitor."

"The king's traitor! These words were startling words for D'Amblay's ears and he wondered if he had heard aright.

"It is as false as the lips that spoke those words," he cried. "A traitor and a D'Amblay! It is false!"

He went at his adversaries with all the impetuosity of his race.

"Don't lose your head, D'Amblay," he said to himself. "Fight for honor and for Yolande."

The next moment one of the ruffians staggered back, his blade dropping at his feet and his plumed hat falling off. D'Amblay's steel, skilled by years won in hand in France, had found a lodgment in his bosom.

The other two came at him with the fury of lions. There was a sharp ring of steel in the corridor, a blade was sent flying toward the ceiling and the one wretch still armed was almost upon D'Amblay.

"Pesta!" cried he, paling as D'Amblay's sword touched his breast. "You fight like a tiger, Sieur d'Amblay."

"And you like a paid varlet," was the answer. "Come, speak, or I'll spring on this assassin," and he bore the fellow back at the point of his rapier.

The unarmed fellow had already fled and as D'Amblay pressed his vantage he repeated the question.

"You three had no cause for hating me," went on D'Amblay, "and the glittering of the assassin's blade."

"Your master?"

The fellow was white faced and trembling.

"Out with it or, by the gods, I'll spit you with my rapier!" cried the Gascon. "I want the truth, too. It was not the king—"

"Blood and wounds!" hissed the fellow, growing sullen despite the rapier's point.

"Then here you go unshriven and unblessed!" was the response and the glittering blade found its billet in a heart that never more would beat again.

Without a moment's pause D'Amblay cast one glance at the two forms on the waxed floor and drew away.

In the rage that tugged at his heartstrings he forgot for the time the words of servants had escaped.

At the head of the marble staircase he paused and looked back.

Those who sent the varlets will hear of this," he muttered. "I will be a marked man in the Palais Royal. It was well that the fellows showed little discretion and that my sword arm was in such good fettle. As to the king—I'll have out against me, but Madame la Marquise—"

He paused and looked down the staircase.

Some one was coming up and he fell back against the wall and recalled Madame de Pompadour, for once unattended.

D'Amblay doffed his plumed hat and bowed graciously as the beautiful woman passed him. She deigned him but a little look, though it spoke volumes, and he watched her figure disappear from view.

"She will find the two varlets," thought he. "Then there will be the devil to pay."

He did not, however, go down for a full minute. He was waiting for Madame's exclamation at discovering the victims of his sword, but only silence was his reward.

"Surely she found them," he said to himself, and he was almost tempted to ascend and investigate. But, with a sudden show of desire, he turned and descended and in another moment felt the cool air of night upon his cheeks.

CHAPTER IV.

A DARK MAIN.

"What!" cried a man who was suddenly approached by another who wore a pale face indicative of fear. "Have you left me that three of you met D'Amblay in the royal palace and failed?"

"He fights like a tiger, monsieur."

"But you were whipped!"

"Monsieur, we are monsieur—"

"Dog!" interrupted the Sieur de La Nuit. "It is enough to hear that three swords were beaten down by one. What has become of your companions?"

"They are dead, monsieur."

"Stab by the Dancing Girl!"

"First Gaspard went down, then Jacques got a thrust in his bosom and fell at my feet—"

"And you—"

"Monsieur, I still serve your noble person."

La Nuit laughed derisively.

"Truly you are a good ally!" cried he. "With ten thousand like you I might as well headway against the fishwomen of Paris. I want to hear no more from you. Get you gone!" and the maddened speaker made a motion as if he would spurn his hireling with his foot.

The fellow slunk away.

Baston La Nuit had changed his mind. He had resolved first to send three swashbucklers after D'Amblay, for good swordsman as he was, he knew that the young Gascon was his match and he feared the arm that wielded a rival's blade.

When the hireling had passed out of sight he turned toward the palace, but did not enter. He slipped through the intricate paths of the royal grounds and entered a street which, if followed, would have taken him to the Tuileries.

No one knew Paris better than the Sieur de La Nuit.

Keeping down the street he came to the door of a large house. After bestowing a knock which might be knocked gently and was admitted.

"Pelt" exclaimed a man who turned to look at La Nuit as he entered a cramped room which was lighted by a single candle set in a brazen sconce on a poor table, "'tis you, Sieur de La Nuit."

"For whom were you looking—the king?" grinned La Nuit.

"Mary, no," was the reply. "You look flushed, my friend."

The door opened advanced and leaned against the table while he studied the face of his visitor. It was pale in the face of a man of fifty, with signs of dissipation upon it, and above the swollen cheeks two little eyes burned like coals.

"Flushed, my good M. Flasselles? Yes. I have cause to be flushed tonight. Where is one's enemy slays two of one's friends meanwhile he has good cause to be flushed."

"So he has," laughed M. Flasselles, rubbing his hands. "What has been the cause of these sudden deaths?"

"The sword of a Gascon."

"Ha! And you, my friend, did this slaying take place?"

"In the Palais Royal."

"Why, that is the nest of Madame la Marquise!" cried the fellow, his blood in the next you say, my good friend?"

"Aye, and by the sword of the hated Sieur d'Amblay."

"A bird whose wings must be clipped, otherwise he flies away," said M. Flasselles. "I see. And you have come to me—"

"For advice and action."

"Yes."

"It is all over a woman," continued La Nuit, "By my blade, half the quarrels in this world are over a petticoat!"

"Ah, you have a very sweet word," was the reply. "Now, what can M. Flasselles do to help his friend D'Amblay, the Sieur de La Nuit?"

Gascon took a long breath and leaned forward.

"I want the girl," said he. "That must have occurred to you ere this. With the baron out of the way she will fall into my arms. I know these court ladies—"

"They're all alike," repeated M. Flasselles. "I've watched them these forty years and you see, monsieur, I remain young. By the way, if it is not a secret you would keep, who is this hour who has caught your fancy?"

"She is Madame la Marquise's second lady in waiting—Yolande d'Amboise of Amboise."

"Ah! I knew her father," was the reply. "He was killed in a siege when she was a mere baby. She is now residing with her mother's beauty I don't wonder at your infatuation."

La Nuit winced, but not disagreeably.

"I haven't come to discuss beauty with you, but rather down to the point," he said.

"To business, then. What is your wish?"

"To get Lady Yolande by waiting slightly in the garden that surrounds the Palais Royal."

"A pleasant diversion," smiled M. Flasselles.

"She feeds the swans sweetmeats and pets them with roses."

"Yes, I am informed."

"You know the private entrances to the circular avenue?"

"Yes. I have been there more than once and not by Madame's invitation."

"Now, if tonight you should see one would carry off Yolande d'Amboise the swans would not scream."

"And the young Sieur de La Nuit gain his point? Eh, my friend. It would be quite an adventure."

"And it would be almost quits with Henri d'Amblay."

"But what would Madame say?"

"I'll stand good for Madame la Marquise," laughed La Nuit, toying with his sword. "D'Amblay will not get up her for sympathy. There is a bar between him and the Pont-Neuf. In fact, I have but to say the word and the doors of the Bastile will open for another prisoner."

"Then why not say it and secure the girl afterward?" queried M. Flasselles.

"I prefer a little love rage," was the cunning reply. "You must not forget, my good friend, that I have a sword, and her 24 Instruction Books, $10. Auto Owners—It's for you. Send for free catalog.

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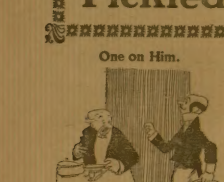

Customer—This stuff is not fit for a hog to eat.

Waiter—All right, sor, then don't eat it.

Dewey's Hero.

Among Senator Depew's stories there is one about a veteran on a street car.

This veteran in all the panoply of his blue uniform, brass buttons and white cotton gloves, was on his way to a picnic on the outskirts of the village. A stranger boarded the car, and the veteran leaning back across his wife, engaged the man in conversation.

The talk soon turned to warfare, and the veteran said:

"Yes, sir; I've been fightin'. I got this gash across the cheek at Chickamauga, my stiff leg, by gosh, comes from a ball in the knee—Chancellorsville. This thumb-nail here was shot off at Gettysburg. I lost the tip of my ear at Spottsylvania."

"Dear me," said the stranger, "how interesting! You have, indeed sir, seen hot fighting. But tell me, how did you get that long, deep, murderous dent down the side of your nose? A cavalry charge—hand-to-hand engagement, eh?"

The veteran frowned and ignored the question. He began to talk about the heat. But his wife interrupted.

"Go on, Bill," she said impatiently. "Tell the gentleman how you got the dent on your nose."

"You shut up, Hannah," said the veteran. "I won't, neither," said the old woman.

"For it just about riles the skin off me to hear you braggin' and braggin' about the marks you got in the war, whilst you won't never open your head about the finest and most noticeable mark of all—the one I give you with the fire-shovel."

What He Remembered.

"You took a vacation last summer?" he queried of the clerk in the music store.

"Oh, yes."

"Went to a farmhouse, probably?"

"I did."

"Seven dollars a week?"

"Just seven."

"Have any moonlight nights out there?"

"I can't remember."

"Any girls around to spoon with?"

"I have forgotten."

"Catch any fish?"

"Well, really, now—"

"Milk and vegetables all right?"

"Dear me, dear me, but my memory is bad."

"Do say bathing?"

"Say, now——"

"Do you remember any one thing that happened to you while you were there?"

"Oh, yes. I worked an oar of corn out of the mattress of my bed and carried it to the farmer and asked him what he thought of it and he replied:

"Geo-whiza, but I lost that ear over five years ago, and have been looking for it ever since!'"

In the Dark.

A Scottish parish minister was going from home and procured the clergyman of a neighboring parish to officiate on Sunday. The parish minister's servant, who was also beadle, was sent to the station to drive the visiting reverend gentleman to the manse.

When the train arrived the beadle asked the visitor to be pleased to wait awhile, as he had some errands to do before going home. It was two hours before he returned. The minister was annoyed and threatened to report the beadle to his master.

"Weel, sir, ye can dae that if ye likt," said the beadle, "but ye left me himself to wait till it was dark afore I drove ye ower, for if the folk o' the village saw wha was to preach nae body wad turn out the morn."

Why It Took So Long.

The suburban customer shook the bill in the plumber's face. "I'll never pay it!" he yelled. "The idea of that little job in my kitchen taking your man ten hours; it's an outrage."

"Now, please don't put all the blame on the man," the plumber said, conciliatorily. "He would have got through in one-tenth of the time if you had chosen a more advantageous day."

"What was wrong with the day I selected?" the customer from the suburbs fumed.

"Several things," replied the plumber quietly. "In the first place it was not your cook's day off, she was present; and did all she could to make the man feel at home. Secondly, your wife's society held a musicale in the parlor and my man, who is passionately fond of music, could not help hearing the strains of harmony; lastly, there was a ball game played in the empty lot next door to your place, and my man, who used to play at Yale, naturally stopped at the game from time to time. With all these attractions to fascinate him can you censure the man for lingering a little?"

The demeanor of the suburban customer changed. "No, I cannot," he confessed honestly; "receipt your bill and give the to the man I have been wronging so unjustly," and he flung down on the plumber's desk a golden eagle."

Happy Thought.

"Your story is good," said the publisher to the author who had come to learn his fate, "but there is one thing about it that I can't understand."

"What's that?" queried the author.

"You have the climax in the middle chapter instead of the last," said the publisher. "Why is that?"

"Oh," answered the author, "that is a little scheme of mine to keep women from knowing the story is going to turn out by reading the last chapter first."

The Wanderers.

Poetical Percy—I feel like a bird. Frayed Fagin—How's dat? Poetical Percy—De lady's bulldog made me quail.

AN EXPLANATION.

(BY THE SMALL BOY.)

You know what? It seems to me
How this whole world came to be
Was because old Adam seen
Eve coveted them apples green!
He was told that they would gripe;
Told to wait till they were ripe;
But it seemed he couldn't wait,
Went 'n stoled and et a bite!
Then laid down an' slept an' had
A dream that wuz tremenjus bad!
From them green apples that he et,
An' he's a-havin' that dream yet.
A dream that's full of woe an' fuss,
An' folks a-sufferin'—that's us!
When he wakes up, oh, bully, gee!
I wonder what'll become of me!
I pray the Lord my soul to take
When Father Adam shall awake!

Useless.

"No, sir," said the red-headed man, "I won't believe anything I can't see myself."

"All right. I was going to tell you your necktie is up behind, but it's no use."

Going Some.

Mayor George W. Tiedeman, of Savannah, condemning a municipal bill that he deemed too hastily drafted, said to a reporter:

"Why, they drafted this bill the way the old-time Georgia editor used to perform his wedding ceremonies.

"The old-time editor of Georgia was usually mayor as well. He was also justice of the peace, conveyancer and real estate agent, deacon of the church, leading lawyer and boss of the building and loan.

"As one of these editors was writing a two-column editorial on the tariff, a Georgia couple came in to be married. The editor, without once looking up, without once slacking the steady movement of his pen, said:

"'Time's money. Want her?'

"'Yes,' said the youth.

"'Want him?' the editor continued, nodding toward the girl.

"'Yes.'

"'Man and wife,' pronounced the editor, his pen traveling smoothly and rapidly. 'One dollar. Bring a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak.'"

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If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headache, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

Retort Courteous.

Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long-distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed.

"You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one, after a five-minute continuous performance.

"No, I don't," was the frank reply.

"Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are musical enough to whistle?"

"No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are."

And the whistling was discontinued.

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By John's Wife

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In all this little town,
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For John has quit the DRINKING
And that has made me glad,
And the world is just a paradise,
With such happiness to-stand.

On day I read some verses—
"Mary's Mistake," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly,
And I'll send and get the sample,
So I sent for GOLDEN REMEDY,
(As if or any send he).
And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no set, no, nor use—
It was senseless kind of stilling
For little Doctor Hess.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
And I watched and prayed I note,
And I didn't have the pre-sent faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
And he never thought a day,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Guess John he quit a-drinking?"
Yeah! say it times enough!
And bless and bother a bigger
As he would a poison stuff.
And when I say prayers at night
I say this one for sure:
I am the richest woman
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Her Captive Bandit;

Or, In the Lion's Lair

By Colonel Harper Hamilton

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CHAPTER XVII.
ORDERED AWAY.

RACKLEY had walked up to the valley, passing at this hour and giving thought to the future. Despite the occasional impression that Damon would manage to strike something, there were moments when he declined to regard the struggle as won, and to look forward to departure from the ranch. Only one thing was necessary as a preliminary. Let it be known that Damon was gone, and that he formally abandoned his crusade, and, having devised a plausible reason for the fresh appearance of Wayland Clarke, the road-agent would return to his old haunts.

For causes he had explained to nobody, the going would give him a mixture of pleasure and regret. He was conscious of this as he walked, and so deeply that he did not realize that he had passed over when he was by the waters of Brandy Run. Something else was going to claim his train of thought, and the something came.

There was a movement at his side, and when he became conscious of it and looked up he saw Hart Groom. The miner, tall, lank, hungry and haggard, had come had a new expression on his face. He was grave and serious, as was the habit of a remark when Hart broke in upon him abruptly.

"Sir, I've been waitin' to see you. This meetin' was chance, but I've been lingerin' nigh here, hoping to meet you. Sir, you've been square with me—was not to blame ever since. Della don't sleep nights. Her conscience pricks her, an' she can't read her Bible, sir!"

Groom saw a face of extreme gravity as he met his companion's eyes.

"And why," asked the road-agent, "is this so? Why doesn't Della sleep, and why can't she read her Bible, sir?"

"She is, sure, sir, but you ain't Wayland Clarke!"

"Who am I?" was the very gentle question.

"We don't say as to that. When we heard Wayland Clarke was dead that he was dead, we do what was right for his son, but as soon as I set eyes on you I knew you was not right to me. Della got a secret look at you, when you didn't know, sir; she was not to be deceived. But, sir, we—we decided to blackmail you—"

The miner paused, twisted his hands together, flushed a little and was mute. As Rackley had been startled and disturbed to knew him not to be Wayland Clarke, he did not urge the point.

"If I am not what was once thought, who am I?" he asked.

"We don't rightly know—not to say direct."

"What is your idea?"

"None that will harm you, sir. Della and me are very grateful to you, sir. But, sir, here is that money you gave us. See! It is all here. Take it, sir. It is not blackmail, and money got by evil ways never does nobody good. We are ashamed of what we did. Here, sir!"

"I ask you to keep it——"

"No, no! Della will not, and neither will I. Here!"

Hart Groom had grown excited. He shook and his rude face twitched with his nervous intensity. There was no such thing as changing his will, and Rackley saw and accepted the inevitable. Receiving the money he nevertheless made an inward vow that it should soon go back to the people of the gulch and the valley.

"Friend Groom," he said kindly, "I wish you had not done this, for you were very welcome to the money——"

"Della won't have the stain on her soul, sir. We are very grateful to you, and we remember how you took Danny on your knee, an' we feel sure you'll keep him, for Della prays for you, o' nights, but we got it as we did, an' we can't keep it!"

Rackley pocketed the money and then shook hands gravely and kindly with his companion. They remained together in amicable discourse for some time, though nothing was said that touched upon perilous subjects. After a time they ended their talk, shook hands again and parted. The road-agent returned to the Clarke house. When he arrived Burdilla was standing just outside the group of buildings. He went to her, received a welcoming smile, and abruptly plunged into a subject that was on his mind.

"Miss Clarke, you have asked me why I became the head-agent of Tiger-foot Range. I'm disposed to answer that question rather fully. You shall hear.

"I was born and reared to middle childhood in a valley among the hills, well apart from so-called civilization. My father was a college graduate who liked the life he had to live. He educated me for a time, and then sent me to the same college that had been his. The years that followed were hateful years to me; I despised the life of the town. When it was over with I began a wandering acquaintance with the unsettled parts of the West.

"Finally I drifted to Tiger-foot Range. I had been hunting and idling up yonder a month when, one day, I planned to intercept the stage as it passed by, ride to Gideon Gap and purchase supplies. When I appeared by the side of the trail I was filled with—honestly my mistaken, I dare say—for a robber. I was fired upon and received two bad wounds. Then the stage went, its horses lashed into a run by the driver, and its passengers filled with admiration of their act.

"I stopped the flow of blood as well as I could, after which I crept back into the hills and to a cave I had been using. I was speedily followed by men and dogs, and only that the cave had a double exit that would have been the last of me. The men had not a dog between them about me. I broke my trail, walked to a new refuge, and there I lay for days, starving, wounded, weak and suffering.

"When I regained my strength I felt a desire for revenge. I made a mask, and then I actually held up the stage I had previously been robbed of, and robbed of modesting. That began it. My animosity soon died out of my nature, but not my desire to worry folks about here. I kept it up, though always handsomely, bantering my victims gayly, and, as I looked at it, making a big joke of the whole affair. Incidentally, I worried the townsfolk a good bit. I was hunted by the sheriff, but never caught. I liked that. A score of years ago, and when I was beset with guns, dogs, traps, and posses, I enjoyed getting the better of them every time.

"Now, sir, my story, I will carry the wounds received on that first occasion. One scar is in my arm, another hard by my heart. Both are due to two main hurts on that day. Here is one more, a trifle!"

He smiled and indicated by a little indentation that showed white above his right eyebrow.

"I have noticed it," said Burdilla mechanically.

"A mere scratch. Now you know how I took to my life. I am free to admit that it is not a commendable one, and a thing not to my credit. Better that I had taken my father's advice and remained. This is my present verdict, but it's new. Ever since I became the head of the gang I have taken delight in it—the delight of rivalry, of wits opposed to wits; of the man-chase. During all this time I have had no blood of human being. I simply robbed them, balked them, laughed at them when they handed me. I have robbed them—yes!"

Burdilla had listened with keenest attention, her expression changing always, but never once interrupted. Now she broke in hurriedly.

"If you have robbed you have given! Take are sold of your gifts to the needy, of your aid to them when they were ill or injured. I have never seen what it meant, but——"

"I'll tell you. Up in the hills I have a few hundred dollars. It is money honestly come by. The little I have robbed others of I have given to the persons you mention."

"Then you have done great good——"

"Say I thought so. That is done is over with; I cannot undo it. The time has come, however, when I see that my life, though bloodless, has left me the vanquished. I have been a road-agent. The law has pulled me down, I am done! I ride the hill trail no more. When the proper time comes I shall disappear. Ultimately, I shall be forgotten. That reminds me to tell you that Rackley Gulch will, it seems there was once somebody of that name around here, and that, when I was first supposed to hold up the stage, I was thought to be he. The settlers applied the name to me of their own will. I've kept it. When I leave this region the Rackley Gold Mine will have been yet a less tangible than before. The name, as far as I am concerned, will die!"

"You speak of going away. When will that be?"

"When I can leave this ranch with safety over it."

"Meanwhile, for the sake of—of the ranch —you will stay and risk recognition and capture?"

"Exactly!"

"Then you are putting yourself in jeopardy for us when you might be going away to safety. That is not right. You have been very kind to me, and Jack and the others—all of us—feel very friendly toward you, but if anything—oh! I feel so grateful, but if anything should happen to you——"

"I don't think that will happen," was the quiet reply. "I seem to bear a charmed life."

Rackley had told his story, as he had for some days wished to do, and it placed him and his hearer on more confidential terms. They talked in friendly conversation, too, and it was half an hour later when they went to the house.

Here before they heard Daniel Clarke singing the song of Captain Kidd, and with unusual force. Also, Rackley was told that Clarke had asked for his presence in the room above. The road-agent went, but, for the first time, he was not greeted by the older man with hearty good will. Instead, Daniel sat staring at him and ignored his greeting. The big man's eyes had a new glitter, and his expression was hard.

"I wanted you on business!" finally said Clarke, his voice sharp. "I heard that interview between you and Jeanne Allen. I

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had been wheeled near the window, just before. Allen thought you were my son Wayland, and called you a scoundrel, coyote, thief and some other mean names. Why didn't you knock him down?"

"I thought that, as he had identified me as Wayland, the easiest way with him was the best," good-humouredly replied Rackley.

"Stained he hanged! No man ever called me such names and escaped his just desserts."

"We couldn't afford to anger Allen."

"Oh! couldn't we?" snapped Daniel. "We could afford to be called coyote, toad, and the like, but could not afford to remonstrate. See here, you, do you know that, as representative of my son, you had the family honor, and especially his honor, in your keeping? Devil take it, you should have knocked that fellow down!" roared Daniel.

"But your son, Mr. Clarke, we are acting at precarious part here, and it was too good luck for me to be identified—"

"So you said before. Don't talk like a parrot. As for the game we've played, it's won now—James Allen settled all doubts—and you are not so mightily valuable as you were. Sir, hear me! You don't have you nose as my son and put up with insults!"

"I trust there will be no more of them."

"You evade the point! When you let Allen abuse you so you put a stain on the Clarke family honor, and that's something I won't have. He thought he was talking to Wayland, and when he used such vile terms you let him pile it up. Confound it! how dared you? Are you a mere, common coward, to put disgrace on my son's name?"

Daniel was in a passion. He hammered the arm of his chair and shouted as if addressing some well-itch deaf. More than that, his whole manner was one of malice and desire to affront.

Rackley heard with composure. The half-

"I know you! You're Rackley Gold!"

crazed man was not worthy of serious thought.

"You've outlived your usefulness here!" added Daniel. "We need you no longer. Consider yourself discharged. You should have an order for your regular pay, with five dollars for your trifling help as to this trouble with Damon. When you've got your cash I want you to get out. Understand?"

"Plainly," replied Rackley, unmoved.

"You can't sleep here another night. Vamoose! I want to carefully snitch the Clarke honor. Now leave the room!

"All right, sir!" and with this Rackley did as bid.

Daniel fell to sinning Captain Kidd. He kept it up until he heard the other man and was gone from the house, and then began gloating his success and family honor in great good humor.

"Capital job!" he muttered. "If never would have done to have stay here. Have lifted as Wayland, he could have claimed the ranch and turned us all out. Know how to send him flying—the old dog has not lost his cunning, by Jupiter! Pretty slick piece of work! Did I mention the family honor? Hang the family honor!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NET CLOSES.

The sun was setting, the following day, when Billtown reached Mills. He left the shack that had been his quarters for some days, hidden briefly in a stable where he saw Hiram Brandon arrive, then slouched along in the shut-in region. Reaching Wilhelmina Brandon's home, he first looked about him narrowly and then fell to polishing at his rugged nose. They were a razor, a brush, a half-used cake of ordinary soap, and a piece of broken looking-glass.

Equipped with these he essayed to shave. It was a forlorn task. Long soap did not "lather" well, and his three weeks' stubble was thick and harsh, but the razor answered the call upon it fairly well. Care enabled him to avoid gashes in his skin, and, completing his work at last, he washed himself in the stream and took a look in the glass.

"Better!" he commented, his manner surly. "Devil take the smallpox ditches! Will anybody know me? I am like a nutmeg-grater! Still, I shall have no trouble. I'm glad this is about over. I'll strip off these rags, and then—"

Night shadows were falling, but they did not trouble him. He hid his barber implements in a recess among the rocks, and after a series of interruptions with his pipe, lay down under a shoulder of rock.

Two hours before day he rose, shook himself dog-fashion and took his way back to the ranch. Entering his shack, which he had used alone, he drew from its hiding place the bundle of clothing he had lately purloined from the dwelling house. Casting off his rags he donned the white shirt and rather expensive suit that had once been Wayland Clarke's. He had to operate in the dark, but he was confident that he was undergoing a marked change. It was the first time in years he had been inside a white shirt, and his spirits rose as he felt the choking touch of the collar at his throat. The tune of civilization was a treat to him. If it did jam his chin and cramp his windpipe.

All this done, and without spying eyes upon him, he left the shack. He was metamorphosed. No longer the slouching tramp in appearance, he held his head erect and walked masterfully. Taking his way at once to the corral, he selected a horse, saddled and bridled it, mounted and started away from the premises, walking the animal to avoid betraying sounds.

When well out of casual hearing he checked his mount, turned in saddle and gazed back.

"I won't steal this horse!" he muttered. "It will be back, and so will I. The air is balmy, but there will soon be a cyclone on this ranch!"

Once more facing the front he slapped his steed and started into a canter. Presently the graying black of night swallowed him up. His face was toward Gideon Gap.

A little later the day began as usual on the Clarke lands. Men and women betook themselves to their several employments, and there was no visible sign that the day was to be out of the common.

An hour after breakfast Rackley Gold was master of the house. He wanted to ask Burdilla some question, and was seeking her. As he was going along under the window of Daniel's room he heard the girl's voice and recognized the fact that she was with the somewhat excited man. It was not Rackley's way to act the listener, but something in the tone of Rackley's ear, his attention, and, half-unconsciously lingering, he heard what kept him there.

Daniel Clarke's voice came booming, angry and blasphemous.

"I told him to get out, and I told you to see that he went, but thirty-six hours have passed and he is still here. I won't have it! He has outlived his usefulness, our danger is over with, and there is no room here for Mr. John Kidd! Do you get me? Let him get out! Now, I'm done. I've been of this ranch in reality, as he has been in pretense. Not by a thousand miles. John Kidd vamoses instanter!"

"I have explained to you that Sheriff Damon is still at large—"

Burdilla's pacifying words were quickly drowned out.

"You've told me much, too much. I don't care a rap for your explanations. I say this, now that Damon is identified, we can do without him. I will do without him! Now, you, girl, I've given him his walking papers, and he is going to get him away, but he is still here. How dared you disobey me?"

"We are not yet safe—"

"Not with that impostor here, I admit. He could tell the truth. That's the point! Why haven't you packed him off?"

"I thought—"

"You have no right to think! It's your place to obey! Hear me? Now, mark you, that fellow goes within this hour! Do you promise?"

"As soon as it is safe he shall go. He will be glad to—"

"He goes now!" shouted Daniel. "I told you to pack him off thirty-six hours ago. He is here. How dared you defy me? You scandalous, smoking hypocrite! Because I am crippled that I'm laid on the shelf, do you? How dared you disobey me? Why, if

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I could get out of this chair I would take a horse-whip to you and——"

"Father," mildly but unevenly began Burdilla, "I beg that you——"

"You do well to beg for you are a beggar! Don't 'father' me—I am no father of yours! You're nothing but a beggar brat, anyhow. See here, when I married my second wife she had you tagging along after her, both penniless, mere beggars. I took you in, and, you being then only two years old, have let you think you were my daughter. You are nothing of the sort. You have carried a high head here, and I've put up with it, but this last is too much. You defy me, do you? You will keep your John Kidd, will you? Well, if you try, out you go with him, beggar brat!"

Clarke had lost all control of himself, and his voice rang loud and angry, and it was a bitter and sneering voice, too. Burdilla's answer was not audible, but the man quickly filled the stage again.

"Yes, I do mean it, and old Margaret, our kitchen woman, knows it to be so, also. Ask her! Yes, and when you have asked, see if your head tilts so lofty, beggar brat!"

Rackley Gold stood motionless, keenly attentive, and no longer disdaining his position as listener. He longed to go to the room and face Clarke. Offensive as that man's words were, there was a vindictive, scornful, tuanting note in his voice that made them all the worse. Malignant cruelty, and a desire to offend and shame were in his every sentence.

While the road-agent lingered and waited he heard a low song that drew near, and, aware that he must leave the spot to escape observation, he moved away just in time to escape a passing cowboy.

He went with his mind in a tumult. He believed the claim that Burdilla was not Clarke's child, and it placed everything on new footing. Before, she had been a rich young woman; now she was as poor as the improvident herders who rode the range. More than that, she had been insulted, taunted and sneered at. Her position on the ranch could never again be the same as before. He wondered if peace was possible.

Half an hour later, as he walked thoughtfully among the buildings, he unexpectedly came upon her. She had been weeping, and her cheeks were still tear-stained. He would not intercept her then, but she first made a movement to avoid him, and then checked herself and, smiling unnaturally, addressed him.

"Do you know," she demanded, "what you saved when you baffled Damon?"

"No," Rackley replied slowly.

"For Daniel Clarke, much—for me, nothing! I am about to leave this ranch!"

"To leave?" he echoed.

"Yes. Daniel Clarke has told me I am not his daughter, and I have proof of it from Margaret, a servant long in the family. My position here has been made unendurable. I bore with the misdeeds of Wayland Clarke and his father because I thought them my kin. Now I know otherwise and their evil ways sicken me. I have been ordered away, and I'm going."

"Where?"

"I don't know. The world is wide. Maybe there is a nook somewhere for me. I shall seek for it."

"Have you friends to go to?"

"None!"

"Then let my friends be yours. Once I told you I disdained friends, but it was when you kidnaped me and I said many frivolous things. The words of that hour are to be looked upon as nothing but empty talk. Friends are the flowers in the desert of life. Although I have long neglected them, I have such friends. Go to them—they will, for my sake, give you shelter, good treatment and a home you need not scorn, for they are honor's own self. Let me take you there!"

"Oh, no, no!" said Burdilla, but it was a low-spoken, kindly refusal, and her eyes bore no repelling light.

Twenty minutes later, while they still stood in conversation, but with Jack Hardy added to the group and all three earnestly talking, a horse was seen approaching from the north. He carried a woman in the saddle, and before her she bore a golden-haired child of about five years; a girl who was like a ray of sunshine.

They continued their way, and soon reached the spot where the three stood. Woman and child were alike humbly clad, though decently and neatly. The former smiled faintly, half-apologetically, and addressed Burdilla.

"Excuse me," she said, "but may I ask for a bite to eat? We have traveled far, and my little girl—and I—have had no breakfast."

"You shall have all you need, and most welcome," replied Burdilla quickly. "I will go at once——"

She stopped as a house servant approached with a tray of food. It was intended for somebody else, a ranch employe; but it was food ready for use, and the travelers seemed in need. The tray-bearer was checked, and the unknown woman asked to go to the house and eat.

"If you don't mind," was the reply, "we will eat right here. We are in a great hurry, for we go to one who is dear to us, and sick. Time is valuable. May I dismount and eat right here?"

It was an odd request, but Burdilla looked, read expression and tone, and agreed. Leaving the saddle the two began their meal, and both ate with eagerness. There was no mystery about them, for the simple truth had been told, yet they held attention for a time. Especially was it so with the little girl. Hunger absorbed her every thought and attention, but she was a fair and sweet-tempered child, inviting with her charms of face and her golden hair, the offspring of semi-poverty, yet rich in the gifts of nature.

Their repast was drawing to an end when the ranch trio, absorbed in her beauty, heard sounds they would have ordinarily have noted before. Horses' feet beat close at hand, and, turning, Rackley and his friends saw Sheriff Damon, Simon Snow and a third rider. The last man was clad in good clothes, and their usual accompaniment of white linen, but he had a gross face and smallpox had marked it mercilessly.

Greatly as he was changed, Rackley recognized Mathew the tramp.

Moreover, the road-agent noticed that Damon and Snow were looking at him in an odd way. Damon was clearly triumphant, but he and Snow both seemed perplexed. That air of triumph carried something to Rackley's mind, and he felt that calamity menaced his deceit. The perplexity he did not understand.

Damon let but little time go to waste.

"Good morning, everybody!" he said smilingly unpleasantly. "Most of all, good morning to you, Mr. Wayland Clarke! Aha! that name does not seem to fit you, just now. To come right to the point, the mask is off your trick. We have the best reasons for knowing you are not Wayland Clarke—though who the dickens you are I don't know!"

Rackley shot a glance at Mathew, feeling that, in some mysterious way, he owed a new trouble to that man, but wholly at a loss to know why and how. Had he looked at Burdilla, instead, he might have seen in her face something to give him new, though equally vague, ideas.

She was staring wonderingly at the man who had always avoided her since he came to the ranch, and with recognition.

"Mr. Damon," replied Rackley steadily, though with an assumption of mild disgust, "are we to take up this tangle again——"

"Once more, but for the last time. It happens," added Damon jubilantly, "that, though we don't know who you are, we know who you are not, and that is, Wayland Clarke. As to who you are, possibly you will now tell us. After all our pleasant interviews with you, it is actually harassing not to know who you are."

The woman rider, her eating finished and her desires urging her to resume her journey, had lifted her child in her arms and was bearing it toward their horse. This took her close to Rackley's side, and the little girl, no longer intent on hunger, was gazing at him closely. The child caught at his arm, laughed in gleeful innocence, and then her free hand shot out and the tiny index finger rested upon the scar over the road-agent's eyebrow.

"I know you!" she exclaimed joyfully, unconscious of what she did. "You once came to my house and played with me. I saw that mark then. You are Rackley Gold!"

The words were spoken. That strange law of nature that makes children observant of things to which their elders give no heed, had conspired to make the guileless girl the instrument of revelation.

Rackley had wondered who would betray him. Now, he knew.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Simon Snow, "I see it at last! I was wondering as to the resemblance to somebody. That man is the outlaw of Tiger-foot Range!"

The conclusion of this extraordinary story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

Too Much for Flanagan.

It was lawyer Steve O'Brien that had the case. The uncle of Patrick Flanagan of Carrick-on-Shannon had died and left to Patrick $20,000 in hard money. Mr. O'Brien trailed Mr. Flanagan anxiously about town. He heard of him here and he heard of him there, but he finally located him in the depths of a sewer that was being dug on Third avenue. "Pathrick Flanagan?" calls Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. Flanagan answered.

"Are you the son of Pathrick Flanagan and was your mother's name Mary? And what were the names of your uncles?"

Mr. Flanagan answered correctly.

"Then come up," said Mr. O'Brien. "Your Uncle James has just died and left you $20,000."

There was a commotion in the ditch and Mr. O'Brien leaned over again and called anxiously, "Pathrick Flanagan?"

"I'm comin, sor," said Flanagan. "I just stopped to lick the boss."

Mr. Flanagan proved his right to the money, paid Mr. O'Brien what was due him, and for a few weeks infested Third avenue dressed in a high hat and hard shoes, and doing full justice to his thirst. He just burned up that ardent thoroughfare, until his money gave out and he disappeared from sight. The other day his other uncle died, and Mr. O'Brien went back to the works. "Pathrick," said he, "your Uncle Tom has died and left you $20,000 more. Come down to the office and get it tomorrow."

Mr. Flanagan stuck his pick into the soil. "I don't belave I can do it, Mr. O'Brien," said he. "I'm not a sthrong man like I was whin I got the other money. I doubt I'd live throo spending twinty thousand dollars more."

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Built Up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day, with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

TRY THIS RAZOR 10 DAYS BEFORE YOU PAY ONE CENT!

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Don't waste money, time and temper with "fool contraptions." There is just one right way to shave, and that is with a good old-fashioned, keen, sharp, well-balanced razor. You can try The WESTERN 10 days and decide if it suits you before you pay a cent. We will gladly send it to any honest person on trial. You could not get a better razor for $25. It is made of the best steel known to the art of razor making, 5-8 size, double shoulder, fine blue-glazed finish, with corrugated tang to keep the fingers from slipping. Honed and set for use. Mounted in beautiful imitation pearl handle, and packed in a neat plush and satin lined leatherette case, as shown in picture. Shaped just right and will not pull. To get this razor just fill out and mail the coupon below and razor will come prepaid by return mail. Then try it 10 days. If you like it pay $3. If you do not, mail it back to us without obligation. Thousands in use, every one giving satisfaction. If you know how to shave you will appreciate the WESTERN. If you do not, you can quickly learn to shave just as easy and smooth as the boss-barber. Circular free.

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After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of Elk Side Whiskey to be 100-Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength. All shipments made same day order is received. Make remittance payable to

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DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

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Reliable Beyond Question

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THIRD NATIONAL BANK.

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Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

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ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?
Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
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Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hacking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?
These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and
CONSUMPTION
You should take immediate steps to check the progress of the disease. You can no longer you allow them to threaten and torment. The more deep seated and serious your condition, the more necessary
We Stand Ready to Prove to You
that Lung Germine, the German Tuberculin, will positively and promptly cure after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Lung Germine has cured all hopeless cases who have given it a fair trial, and has been permanently cured by Lung Germine. Lung Germine for Consumption has a presumption. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development. If you can build up your lungs and restore to their normal strength and vigor. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over the protest of the physician, and can cure yours. It should not be delayed.
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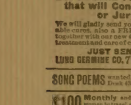

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The Strange Pemberton Affair

By Archibald J. Paxton

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CHAPTER XI.

WHEN they ran up the steps leading to the door of the quiet-looking house in this retiring street Gideon Black cast a quick glance up and down, and as the coast seemed clear he managed to work his little pick-lock with such wonderful success that in the space of a few seconds the door moved, showing that its fastenings had not proved of any avail against the methods of one who was always prepared for such emergencies.

He immediately opened the door and stepped silently inside, drawing the Judge after him.

Pemberton was ashy white, and Gideon looked at him a bit apprehensively, fearing that the undertaking might prove unusually and permanently ease after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Lung Germine has cured all hopeless cases who have given it a fair trial, and has been permanently cured by Lung Germine. Lung Germine for Consumption has a presumption. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development. If you can build up your lungs and restore to their normal strength and vigor. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over the protest of the physician, and can cure yours. It should not be delayed.

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Perhaps half an hour went by ere he once more ascended the stairs.

When he looked into the apartment the Judge was seated in a rocking chair with one arm pressing his pretty wife to his heart, while the other regarded the frail figure of the little hunchback, upon whose face shone a happiness that hardly seemed of this world.

"That is as it should be," said the detective to himself, as he softly closed him more than he could tell to think that he had been instrumental in bringing about such a happy termination of the adventure.

Judge Pemberton looked him at the door.

"Come in, Black. You see you are the happiest man in all New York, for I have not only found my daughter, but she was lost to me, but discovered a son as well. Muriel has told me the story of her unfortunate first marriage she contracted, and how her husband died in a railway accident in England after she had divorced him and resumed her maiden name. He left her some property as a pledge of the affection of the unfortunate union. She loved life in London, and as the child was a girl, of course, running up to see him as often as he could. Muriel found

CHAPTER XII.

It was just turning into dusk when Gideon Black entered a region where vice flaunted her flag without an atom of shame, and misery lay all around.

He was looking for a man, and that party no other than the cousin of the cook, and the husband of the maid in the Pemberton household, Paddy the Pig.

Like others of his ilk the thief had regular lodging places, and could be found there when not sleeping or on duty—duty with Paddy meant breaking the law and gratifying other people's property wherever found.

He asked questions of several bartenders, all of whom seemed to know Paddy, but since Gideon had taken the pains to change his personal appearance vastly none of these gentlemen suspected that they were giving information to the best-known and most widely feared detective in all New York when they answered his inquiries.

Step by step he followed the passivory one through numerous courts and saloons until finally about eight o'clock he cornered Paddy in a billiard hall, where he was tilting. Knocking the balls about, as though waiting for the coming of some partner with whom he might intend doing business that night.

Gideon lost no time in telling Paddy just who he was.

It was a bold step, because the place was frequented by many spotted men of the undesirable citizen type, and a shout from Paddy telling them who the newcomer was would likely enough have precipitated a big row, with the game detective as the focal center of the riot, but he banked on the fellow believing that he had ample assistance close by, and that it would be the part of prudence for him to show a submissive spirit.

"What d'ye want uh me, Black? I knowed I'd see yuh sure as after that note. But yuh won't find any uh the goods on me. I'm clean, I am," said the fellow, looking worried all the same.

"Well, you walk out of here with me, Paddy. You've got such a pull you don't scare at mention of arrest, so there's no use making a row. I want to talk with you, and it'll be better for you to come without being forced. You know me and I mean it, when I say that come you must, no matter if we have to knock down the building on you."

The crook shrugged his broad shoulders. He was not a bad-looking fellow, but a dangerous man, and Jane was to be really pitied in that she had tied up her fortunes with one so given over to the devil.

"Oh! I'll go with yuh, Black. It don't make a bit of difference tuh me. I've been pulled many times before, but they never could hold me, and yuh needn't think this time'll break the record," and with a sneer he stalked ahead of the detective to the outside air.

Gideon saw him glance this way and that as they emerged from the den, and heard him curse under his breath as if he realized that he had been taken out of his fortress under false pretenses, as there was not a sign of a cop around, but it was too late to cry over spilled milk now, as I with another shrug he allowed the detective to slip his hand through his arm, and walked away in his company.

Twenty minutes later Paddy the Pig was quartered in a cell at the nearest police station, and Gideon Black stood in front of him, eying the fellow keenly.

"I guess you can understand why you're here, Paddy. There is an investigation being made of those sensational robberies in town, and your handmark seems to be stamped on every one of them. When even the chief I took out of your pocket has a peculiar dig in the end of it that mark appears on the wood of Judge Pemberton's library window, where you pried it open," he remarked quietly.

Paddy started and looked up with a quizzical grin on his face.

"I thort yuh was on to me curves about that screwdriver. I ever did it cost me my tongue off, I was that mad. But Marie Wang in the employ uh the judge got actually meant to lend me some money," he said, earnestly.

"Oh, cut it out and your wife Jane——"

"Hanged if yuh ain't found that out, too. I've heard yuh might be a hard un tuh pull the wool over his eyes, and now I know it. I'm going tuh lay down my cards, for the little fool swore she'd see me dead afore she'd lend a hand," went on the perverted thief, bewilderment showing upon his face, for he was beginning to suspect that now he had found the right man, Gideon Black, he might have a harder task to get free than ever before.

"What did you do with those rubies, Paddy?"

"Now yez lookin' me, all right. Yuh know I never seen no rubies, and why's never had one in my hand in all me life. Was that what the old geut had in his safe? I knowed he had a big roll of bills, all right, for a gal what used to work there told me. But I didn't know nothin' of rubies. I never put me foot over the windsill that night."

"You admit that you broke into Pemberton's house, when yuh say yuh found the nick in me tool on the wood. That looks bad, but yuh have got no hope for that, yuh git me, Black. And if I'm put ter it I kin prove I was in a game of cards with me pal that place. Looky here, Black, I kin see it in yer face that yuh believe I'm telling the truth."

"You're a sharp one, Paddy. But I had my own suspicions of this thing, and to amuse myself I jotted down certain things I knew on this piece of paper. You can read, all right, can't you, Paddy?"

"Not yer life I can't."

"All right. Just glance over this and tell me if that isn't what happened on the night you broke into the safe, and just as you had pried it open ready to enter. I'm curious to know how near I came to the truth. I fancy you'll find that down in black and white."

The crook looked at him as though he fancied the detective had lost his senses, and he cast his eyes down the paper with its closely written sentences.

But as he read a change came over the down line, and all the while his interest grew, until when he had finished he laid his head to stare in a startled way at Black, the other came near laughing to see the look of fear upon his face.

"Say, yuh must be one uh those hyar second-sight fellers, how now cud yuh a knowed all that, hey?" he demanded, in excited tone.

"How near does it come to what happened to you, Paddy?" inquired the detective, rattling the paper again suggestively.

"Blame me if it dint! Every bit, except in the dot. Was yuh in that ere room, Gideon Black, or has yuh guessed all this? Hanged some George fold me that if ever I got yuh after me I'd jine him up in Sing Sing, an' I've gittin' leary pow now. Why a detective kin see through solid walls, wot chance has a pore burglar got, I'd like tuh know?" he went on, dolefully.

Black folded the little paper and put it in his pocket.

"My eyes are no better than yours, Paddy, and can see through the solid walls. That paper held my deduction after I had put things together, and now only I know it. If when I asked you that question, Tonight I shall add another to the list in a manner that will most satisfy the most skeptical scoffer. Meanwhile you will have to make yourself comfortable in the law cells here. In due time the case of the Pemberworth and Reddick robberies will be brought up against you, and this time we'll see if the cell will be been yawning so long for Paddy the Pig can't be accommodated."

With that Gideon Black left the station house, after a little talk with the lieutenant in charge, to which he testified what's charges were to be made against the prisoner.

The detective seemed very calm, as though he saw no cause for anxiety.

True, the fate of the rubies had not been made public, but Black knew just as well as the lieutenant did, as though he had been a witness of their theft, and the thief who had been under the window of the library at the time of their taking had just confessed that the theory written down in black and white was correct.

It was about nine that evening when he once more appeared at the home of Judge Pemberton, whom he found in his library, awaiting his coming with considerable curiosity, but an utter absence of anxiety.

"You are always on time, Black. I think you must do your business by system. But I'm glad to see you again. I look like it, don't I?" the gentleman asked, as he motioned to shake hands warmly.

"Indeed, you look the perfect picture of happiness, Judge. I presume you carried out my wishes?"

"About the diamonds—why, certainly, that was a small favor to ask me. They are in the safe now. What to make a long sit then, Black——"

"Pardon, after I have pulled down the shade a little further. No telling what curious and envious eyes may be peering in from the neighborhood seems to be the storm center just at present for the burglaries of the whole city. Humph! Just as I thought. One cannot be too careful, judge. You yourself have had experience enough to know that those are indeed beauties, and I imagine worth even more than the rubies you so recently lost."

"Worth twice as much, Black; a cool million. Some people think I'm foolish to put so much in a fad, but it pleases me, and what is one sum in life to a man with a hobby, you know. Now, what do you wish me to do with these, Black——"

(Continued on page twelve.)

WALTHAM WATCHES ON CREDIT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—BIG SPECIALS

FULL JEWELED WALTHAM $10.65

In Plain 20-Year Gold-Filled Case. Guaranteed to Keep Accurate Time.

SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID

You do not pay one penny until you have had the watch in your own hands for examination and trial. Then if satisfactory, send $1.00 a month, with Patent Diamond Dial, as per terms below. If not satisfactory, write to your own locality.

GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED—$1 A MONTH.

No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we will trust you. Write for our SOLDIERS' DIAMOND WATCH CATALOG AND WATCH CREDIT BOOK. Write today—a postal will do. Both sent free, postpaid. Our representative is not a collector. Write for handsome Christmas Catalog.

OFTIS BROS. & CO. 1013 Dept. 1013 WATCH CREDIT JEWELERS 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

$3.00 BARBER'S RAZOR FREE

SEND NO MONEY If you have never tried a Barber Razor of this or before, send us your name and address and we will send you one Barber Razor FREE, prepaid and guaranteed. INDIA BLUE STEEL, BEN'S RAZORS, Pictured, the set wholesome razor of which we have ever heard. Shaves the toughest beard like a warm towel. Can be used on the finest Silken Hair. If you do not like them send back at our expense and $2.00 is all you will be out. Keep one Razor for yourself and sell one to a friend for $3.00. In this way you get your Razor FREE.

We Are Now Selling Our Genuine Barber's Razors Direct to the Public. No barber could use an extremely commercial razor. Why should you? These Razors are thoroughly tested and factory tested. We use them ourselves and believe them to be the finest, keenest and most durable Razor ever made or sold for the money. Barber's Razor Strop. We want an agent in every county in the United States. Write today. Some send $1.50 with this ad—some don't—it's optional.

UNITED BARBERS' SUPPLY CO., 1246 BOLEY BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SisterWoman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make rich women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50c box of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of all forms of female ailments that I have found so effective in my own practice, and so beloved by my patients, that I am convinced it will do as much for you as it has for them. Some of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and strong right in their own homes. I want you to try it, and I will send it to you free. I will explain how, and I want you to prove for yourself what I have found to be true—that it is the most wonderful remedy for female ailments that has ever been discovered. No internal drugging necessary. Just a local treatment, and it has in itself wonderful curative powers.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its wonderful curative qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. Let me tell you what Figs Compound will do for you.

It will cure all female ailments. It will heal ulceration. It will cure leucorrhea. It will cure displacements. It will cure inflammation. It will cure ovarian troubles. It will cure tumors. It will cure hot flashes. It will cure nervousness. It will cure backache. It will cure bearing-down pains. It will cure irregularities. It will cure painful periods. It will cure suppressions. It will cure profuse periods. It will cure change of life. It will cure all female troubles. It will cure all displacements. It will cure all inflammations. It will cure all ulcerations. It will cure all tumors. It will cure all hot flashes. It will cure all nervousness. It will cure all backache. It will cure all bearing-down pains. It will cure all irregularities. It will cure all painful periods. It will cure all suppressions. It will cure all profuse periods. It will cure all change of life. It will cure all female troubles. It will cure all displacements. It will cure all inflammations. It will cure all ulcerations. It will cure all tumors. It will cure all hot flashes. It will cure all nervousness. It will cure all backache. It will cure all bearing-down pains. It will cure all irregularities. It will cure all painful periods. It will cure all suppressions. It will cure all profuse periods. It will cure all change of life. It will cure all female troubles.

Figs Compound will sometimes cure all of the troubles, but remember I will send you only a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address, MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A29, JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

Medicinally Pure and Wholesome

Catalog On Request

Been At It 20 Years

Over 125,000 People

Are regular and satisfied customers for Rieger's Pure Old Monogram Whiskey—there couldn't possibly be a better testimonial! Its rare, quaint smoothness, mellow flavor and absolute purity, are justly heralded by a thousands of users of whiskey for medicinal purposes—the purity of Rieger's Monogram is guaranteed by an under the Pure Food Law—and we guarantee it to please you or your money back.

RIEGER'S PURE OLD MONOGRAM WHISKEY

At Wholesale Prices

Send us an order for Rieger's Monogram—if it lacks smoothness, and all the essentials of good whiskey—we will refund it in full and satisfy yourself. If you are not thoroughly convinced that it is the finest whiskey you ever used, return the balance at our expense—your money will be refunded without question.

J. Rieger & Co., 1240 Genesee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

We Prepay The Express

8 Qts Rieger's $5 Private Stock

4 Qts Rieger's $3 Monogram

Entire Time

FREE With Each Order for 8 Qts

Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Hoodoo Rye and Old Imperial Whiskey. Glass and Metal Packages.

GET $1200 OF THIS $500,000.00 NEXT MONTH

$500,000.00 to change hands. One cent starts you. Any honest, industrious man or woman can enter.

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

Thousands of dollars already distributed—going on daily. Listen!

10 people receive over $40,000.

$2,212 (a farmer).
$1,200 (a Stenographer).
$1,100 (a Stockman).
$13,245 (a farmer).
$3,000 (a banker).
$1,815 (a Steamfitter).
$800 (a Clerk).
$2,800 (a surveyor).
$6,800 (a Coal Operator).
$2,200 (a Machinist).
$5,000 (a Merchant).

WINNERS

Those are just a few—hundreds more coming—especially those in the office, yet it's the gospel truth. Proven by names, addresses and testimonials—may prove you next.

M. Ezell

E. V. Sanderson

Don't envy these people—join hands—Win a fortune.

Do as they are doing. Let us give you the same chance—the same opportunity—the same Wonderful Cash Guarantee.

Something new, different, grand.

Wonderful but true—given every honest, industrious man or woman a chance to win $500,000.00. Send no money. No energetic worker—one million people—cannot obtain some portion, or, no gambling—no sales work—no outlay—no risk. Just a plain, straightforward, legitimate, well proven plan of the Chas. H. Greenwood Co., Chicago, of millions who need help to make money.

$164.25 WEEKLY FOR 3 MONTHS.

M. Vincent

Writes us: "I got in 14 days $164.25 in 3 days; Jennings $115 in each the first day. Some others of the 10 people got $1,000 to $2,000 in a week. Others $500 to $1,000 in a month. Ezell got $2,212 in a month. Sanderson $1,100 in a month. Greenwood $1,245 in a month. Vincent $1,815 in a month. Many others equally well rewarded. Each of the 10 people got $800 to $13,245

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. A Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly and will quickly cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much as a good ready-made cough syrup for $2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 1½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Recipe up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis, and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not make as nine complete.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, and explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 204 Main street, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Trouble Brewing.

"See here, Mr. Yankem," said the landlord, "patience has ceased to be a virtue in your case."

"Why, what's the trouble?" queried the dentist.

"Well," replied the landlord, "you'll either have to move your Pebbles Dental Parlor somewhere else or make your patients stop kicking. The other tenants won't stand for it any longer."

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

Dr. J. Knox, a chemist at 18 Knox Building, 59 M—st., Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has such confidence that he asks all sufferers to send to Kansas him and will try it. He asks is that he is to be paid. But if it cures and the cure is by the treatment is to be the payer.

She Was Willing.

He (timidly)—Miss Peachly—or—Clara, do you mind if I call you by your first name?

She—Oh, no—and—er—I don't believe I should care if my friends had the right to call me by your last name, too.

Same Old Plaint.

Jack—I went gunning in the country one day last week.

Tom—Bag anything?

Jack—Nothing but my trousers.

At Becon Ridge.

Clerk—Four or five of those racing balloons are supposed to pass over here today.

Storekeeper Jason—Yes, that's why I am leaving those barrels of sugar out in the yard uncovered, by heck! If customers find any sand in 'em we can charge it on the balloons throwing out ballast. I ain't been in the business twenty years not to have my eyes peeled to an opportunity.

Pleasures of Hope.

Bobby—What would you rather would happen to you?

Tommy—To have whiskers so's I wouldn't have to wash my face.

Beyond the Styx.

"I believe you were called the father of your country," remarked the shade of Bonaparte. "Did you like the title?"

"I did," answered the shade of Washington, "but between you and me, I'd hate to be even a stepfather to some of the cities therein today."

Eye to Business.

Harker—Scribbles, the poet, is certainly a genius.

Parker—His work doesn't seem to indicate it.

Harker—No; but the fact that he has just married a milliner with a good paying business does.

A Great Change.

"There goes a man," said Miles, pointing to a commuter laden with parcels, who was hurrying to catch his train, "who was a great social lion before he got married."

"Alas, poor man!" replied Giles. "He looks like a beast of burden now."

He Wasn't Afra'd.

"Oh, well," said the grocer to the dissatisfied customer, as the argument waxed warm, "don't get put out about it."

"I don't intend to," snapped the customer. "And you can't put me out."

HASTY EXIT.

Oh, friend, when you "butt in,"
And then you feel in doubt,
The wisest plan is just turn round
And calmly butt right out.

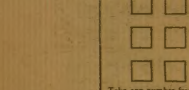
RIBBON-COUNTER TACT.

She (after the clerk had shown her nearly all the ribbons)—I was just looking for a friend.

Clerk—Well, madam, there's one more roll up there; maybe she's in that.

$5000 WORTH OF VALUABLE PRIZES GIVEN FREE

CAN YOU SOLVE IT?



Take any number from one to fourteen inclusive. Do not use any number more than twice. Place one number in each of nine squares so that when they are added perpendicularly or horizontally, the total will make 27.

Every one sending an answer to this puzzle will get a prize. The prizes range in value to piano buyers from $50 to $175; the nearer correct the answer the more valuable the prize.

SEND IN YOUR ANSWER. YOU MAYGET THE HIGHEST PRIZE

Only one answer allowed from the same family. I am offering these prizes in order to introduce and advertise the high-grade Purcell pianos. I will send you the prize you win, with full particulars. Send in your answer at once, on this or a separate sheet of paper, to

I. S. PURCELL FACTORY TO HOME PIANO MAN Dept. 99 No. 8 Western Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

TICKLISH

Haunted.

First Political Grafter—Did you ever see Roosevelt?

Second Political Grafter—Many a time.

First Political Grafter—Where?

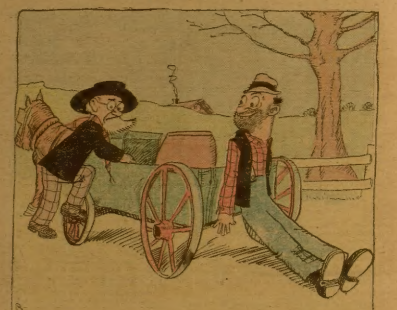
Second Political Grafter—In my sleep.

Wanted a Change.

Milkman—I see by the papers that a Frenchman has invented a new way of transferring water into milk.

Customer—Well, I hope you'll adopt it. I'm getting awfully tired of the old way.

SAVING EFFORT.



Farmer—Hey! Whatcha lazin' an' a-sittin' up-wasin' fer?

Lazy Larry—Waal, I feel like layin' down for a spell an' I'm just waitin' for you t' start up.

Smart Alecks.

"Here's a note from one of those cheerful idiots," remarked the answers-to-correspondents editor as he opened a yellow envelope, "who wants to know why Niagara falls."

"That's easy," replied the horse reporter. "Tell him it's because its bed cannot hold it up."

Compared.

Homer—Did you ever see a mummy?

Trotter—Yes.

Homer—What did it look like?

Trotter—Did you ever see a dried apple?

Homer—Yes.

Trotter—Well, that's a mummy on a small scale.

Lost, His Title.

"You say the little man was formerly the lightweight champion?"

"Yes."

"How did he lose the title?"

"Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired."

Time for Ejectment.

He—Does your father know that I am the light of your life?

She—Oh, yes, he told me to be sure and put you out at ten o'clock.—Pearson's Weekly.

On the Downward Path.

Scribbles—Congratulate me, old man, I sold six poems to the magazines last week.

Dribbles—Poor fellow! And you used to write such good poetry, too!

Naturally.

Patient—Doctor, what happens when a person's temperature goes down as far as it can go?

Doctor (absently)—Then he has cold feet.

NO DECISION

She was a decided blonde,
So she once avowed;
But when I dared propose one day
She never answered nay nor yea—
And I know she was undecided.

A Steady Income.

"I'm afraid," said the critical friend, "that you will never be able to make anything out of Miss Screecher's voice."

"That's all you know about it," retorted the vocal instructor. "Why, I've made over $200 out of it already."

Expecting the Worst.

Butler—Here's a telegram, sor. Your nephew's dead.

The Boss—Humph! Wants money, I suppose, to bury himself with.

Home-Made Rugs.

Thousands of women are earning pin money easily by weaving rugs at home. Many have taken it up as a means of earning a livelihood and have found it pays well.

Home-made rugs are washable and can always be kept clean and sanitary. Nothing could be nicer than a bedroom floor covered with plain white matting and pretty rug rugs spread about. One can always be used in the bathroom and in hallways. These can be woven to match the furnishings.

One woman wove a rug from a narrow strip of oilcloth and used it in front of the kitchen range. A coat of varnish made it proof against grease and it could be scrubbed as easily as linoleum.

There is almost no end to the uses for hand-woven rugs and almost everything can be utilized for material to make them. Everything in the way of cast-off clothing makes rug material. The cotton goods should be kept separate and used for bedroom rugs. The woolen makes the rugs for the livingroom. White goods can be dyed in the piece to match the color scheme of the room where the rug is to be used.

The warp used is the ordinary spooled carpet warp which any dry goods dealer handles. It comes in very convenient half-pound spools ready for use and is put up in white and several colors. It sells at from 25 to 30 cents a pound and a pound will make at least three square yards of rug.

A good profit can be made weaving such rugs to sell, but more money refer to prepare the material and have it woven to order. The woman who is fortunate enough to own a loom can do this work and get from 30 to 50 cents per square yard for doing the weaving.

Of course, she must furnish the warp in this case, but she will still have at least 20 to 40 cents clear on each yard woven.

A good loom is important. They can be purchased at from $20 to $125. They are easier to handle and several times quicker than an old style loom which might be secured for only a few dollars, but the increased output makes them cheaper in the end.

The looms are simple and the instructions furnished with them will enable a novice to master the work quickly.

By using care with her work and good taste in combining colors, any woman willing to work can obtain both pleasure and profit from her loom.

DOWN BY THE BREAKERS.

During the warm summer months
He lingered at the shore;
But it is an odds-on bet
He'll do so nevermore.

Once he was a millionaire,
But he left the shore a wreck;

A Reporter in Luck.

about that ... Fashion Hotel?

Reporter—Not ... The man was a stranger, about my size. Shot himself with a thirty-two caliber revolver. Had on a dress suit at the time. The body has been taken to the morgue.

City Editor—'Bout your size. That's lucky. I want you to report a big society wedding in an hour. Rush around to the morgue, and ask the keeper to lend you that dress suit.

One Umbrella Less.

Mr. Spinks—Why, under heaven ... give Billington that cotton umbrella? He'll never bring it back.

Mrs. Spinks—The only other one in the rack was silk.

"You should have given him that."

"Humph! If he wouldn't return the cotton one, why should he return the silk one? Tell me that, Mr. Spinks."

Mr. Spinks—The cotton one was his.

Nothing.

"What were the provisions of your uncle's will?"

"I am to have all he left after the payment of his just debts."

"That was kind. What did he leave?"

"Just debt."

A Pedestrian.

"What is a pedestrian, papa?" asked a juvenile whose parent had just begun to run his own motor.

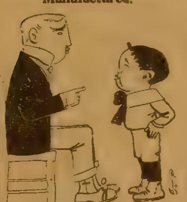
"A pedestrian, my son," said the irritable papa, "is a person who gets in the way of motor cars to annoy the poor chauffeur."

A Cute Definition.

Tommy—Pop, what does multum in parvo mean?

Tommy's Pop—Multum in parvo is Latin, my son. It means—er, well, haven't you ever seen a fat woman in a bathing suit?

Manufactured.



Caller—Your sister is ... her appearance, John?

Johnny—Yes; she's got to ... of course, before she comes down.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 191, Blairsville, Pa.

Saving a Drowning Man.

Magistrate—You are accused ... a drowning man a fatal blow ...

Prisoner—Oi was tryin' t' save his loife, y'r honor. Sure, didn't Oi schwim out to help him?

"But you took a hammer along and killed him with it."

"Yis, sor. If ye don't kill 'em they'll grab ye ivery toime, y'r honor."

Household Remedies

which have stood the test of time ... place in the medicine chest of every ... Mothers are to-day administering to their children the remedies their grandmothers used.

For thirty years, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been curing the women of this country from the worst form of female ills, and merit alone could have stood such a test of time and won such an enviable record.

Verbal Play.

Employe—I am totally played out.

Employer—I knew it was only a matter of time until you would be.

Employe—Why do you say that?

Employer—Because I knew you couldn't possibly work yourself out.

In the Geography Class.

"J...," said the teacher, ...

A cape is land ex...

"Correct, William ..."

A gulf is water ...

"Good, Christopher, ... looking boy, "what is a ..."

Christopher shot up from ... denly as to star...

A Great Comfort.

... this station ...

Old Lady (who is a ... way.

Self-Taught.

Said She—I understand you are going to Paris soon?

Said He—Yes; that's my int...

Said She—Do you understand French?

Said He—Only when I talk to myself.

Never Has Come Back.

...—Do you suppose ...

SO UNREASONABLE.

Weary Bill—Yes, mum, I've been abused all my life. Even my wife treated me like a dawg jest 'cause she paid for the marriage license.

A Wide Range.

Summer Boarder—Hasn't that young man's voice a wonderful range?

Farmer Wise—Range? I should say so! You kin hear it clean over in the woods past the schoolhouse.

Professional Advice.

Bilkins—Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?

Doctor—Well, as a married man, I'd advise you to get down on your knees and return thanks.

The Only Protection.

Stubb—Who is the gentleman with the ear protectors? Is he a football player?

Penn—No; complaint clerk in the gas office.

The Real Trouble.

His W... ... heart palpitate when you proposed to me?

Her Husband—No; but my knees did.

Public Sentiment.

... public sentiment."

"No, I ... the other way when I see a young couple holding hands in the park."

Not Worthless.

Ashley—I always thought that Beesling was leading a worthless life.

Seymour—Wasn't he?

Ashley—No; his life was insured for a thousand.

Unlucky Luck.

Blox—How did your friend Gm...s happen to get run over by an automobile?

Knox—Why, he was stooping to pick up a horseshoe.

Good Job.

OBVIOUS USE.

Son (first trip in railroad diner)—Pa, what is that ax in the ...

Father—Wait until they serve our steak, my boy, and you s...

AGENTS WANTED

Fine Pocket Knife FREE

To Agents. Send No Money. ...

SALESMEN

PHOTO POCKET KNIVES

... exclusive territory ...

CANTON CUTLERY CO., Dept. ... CANTON, OHIO

AGENTS WANTED to sell ...

AGENTS $60 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. ... 30 days credit, photo pillow ... enlarged portraits, frames, ... pastings, frames lowest ... Chicago Ill.

AGENTS, CREDIT. Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. Herbene Agency Co., Box 232, Sta'n L, New York

ROOSEVELT S... and Africa ... Big demand

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. ... Piedmont Tobacco Co., ... Danville, Va.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK and expenses ... IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, ...

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. ... Stereoscopes ... Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4158, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS ... Address SAYMAN, 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS NINE IN ONE ... Nine articles combined ... Sample free. FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 408 Dayton, O.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

After going to the buyer coal goes to the bin.

Coal dealers are preparing to make it hot for us.

A fable is an open-faced lie with a moral attachment.

It's no useless to worry as it is to tell people not to worry.

A wise man never bets on a sure thing or a woman's age.

To be better is often an excuse than to be good.

A lucky man is always harping on his superior judgment.

A man may come out on top by getting in on the ground floor.

Now is the period of time between an hello and after awhile.

Scientists say that kissing must go. Well, it goes with most girls.

Talk is so cheap that most of it has to be disposed of at a discount.

The faster the automobile goes the more the ambulance may overtake it.

It is safe not to expect anything if you don't want to be disappointed.

No, Cordelia, a doctor isn't necessarily a quack because he wears a duck suit.

Don't be surprised if somebody feels you while you are trying to feel somebody.

With the exception of money there is nothing harder to keep than an umbrella.

Justice is probably represented as a woman because it is something a man is always after.

And you can never judge the value of anything people quarrel over by the size of the quarrel.

Money is something most of us spend a lot of in strenuous effort to get something for nothing.

A millionaire may not object to buying fresh eggs at 75 cents a dozen, but he objects to what goes with it.

What the very young man doesn't know he imagines he knows and it causes him just as much trouble.

It is truly a fortunate thing for most of us that we are not compelled to transform all our thoughts into words.

Man is a queer animal. He likes to have it said that his baby looks like him, but begrs mad if told he resembles the baby.

[illegible] man never forgets—the day she was married and the day she gave the baby its first [illegible].

The opinions of a man who emphasizes his arguments with his fist are apt to be respected not much farther than he can reach.

A woman likes to have her husband run for a political office so that she may have a chance to get pictures of the entire family in the newspapers.

It's only when a woman is cross and out of sorts at breakfast she has heard her husband talking in his sleep and couldn't understand what he was saying.

Strange Pemberton Affair.

(Continued from page nine.)

"Put them back in the safe and lock it immediately. There's danger in the air, Judge, and I'm half sorry that I influenced you to bring so valuable a parcel home tonight. Do you still use the same combination with your little repository?"

"Just the same. I find trouble bringing myself to believe any other than my wife and Charlie can know of it. Shall we sit here and talk?"

"Yes, for an hour or so, until you get sleepy. I have heard a number of thrilling and interesting things connected with those villains at the penitentiary, and Reichler's houses that you will probably be interested in, and to pass the time away I'll tell you about them."

"Tell as though you expected me to go to bed after awhile, and leave you down here to watch!" pursued the millionaire, aggressively.

Gideon Black smiled and nodded.

"I mean just that. I desire to have you do, sir, go up to your room, and to bed. You need rest, and I can watch as well myself, as if nothing was going on. It is essential that my plans that I have in your home be kept upon it, when the villain appears I shall easily capture him, and make him confess where he has hidden the rubies."

"Oh! very well, only I should have enjoyed sitting up with you, and being in at the death," laughed the other.

"You will be in at the death in time to grasp the solution of the puzzle, judge. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll retire for a while, and I'll amuse you with a recital of what I heard about those two robberies. If you would rather I should speak of such things just now, why, say so, and we'll discuss something more pleasant."

"Both! It would take a subject more thrillier than that to get my nerves jumpy now, when I'm feeling so very happy. Pile on the agony all you wish, Black; you'll find me a good listener, and capable of understanding these things, for I spent many years on the bench, and remember cases where opposing lawyers brought out the fine points of the various criminal cases before me. Have a cigar—no; want to keep your wits clear for business, well, fire away, Black; I'm listening."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was just half-past eleven when the judge said good night to Gideon Black, and went upstairs to his own chamber to sleep.

He had been showing signs of drowsiness for some time, but his secretary, for some reason or other, pretended not to notice this until the gentleman commenced yawning in a fearful rate, when he declared that he had talked himself out, and if the judge felt like it he had better go to bed.

Left alone in the library Gideon Black began to make ready for the expected visit of the burglar who had taken the rubies so mysteriously.

He turned down the gas-jet that was burning so low that the library was only dimly illuminated; then he would accustom his room to a point exactly opposite the position of the little safe, and placing himself lounge out from the wall he turned it so that he might lie down and still not be noticed.

Here he rested as the minutes ticked away and the big grandfather clock out in the hall chimed the hour of one, and then two.

The mansion was silent as the grave.

Occasionally the head of Gideon might have been observed cropping up above the back of the leather couch as he took an observation; nor did he appear in the least disappointed because time was dilting and nothing came to pass.

The half-hour had just struck with the sweet chime of the hall clock in the drawing-room when there was a movement over by the door, and a tall figure glided into the library.

Creeping into the room almost silently, and looking neither to the right nor to the left this figure bent down in front of the safe; then followed a rustling sound as the shelders of the lock were thrown back under the manipulation of the combination, and the safe door opened.

Over the top of the lounge back Gideon Black was watching all this with a grim smile on his face, for he had anticipated just such a happening.

Once he cast a glance over to the door and the smile faded, for there stood the pale and anxious face of old Obed Crawley there, his trembling hands raised in the form at the safe, and a world of woe in their depths.

The figure at the safe straightened up, as a clicking sound announced that the door of the repository had been again closed, and clutching the packet of diamonds it made a strong and rapid move for the door.

It would seem that Obed must have been discovered as he reached the door, for there was a the flowing dressing-gown to pass by, but by no sign was this made manifest.

Black jumped silently over the back of the lounge, and prepared to discreetly follow the midnight visitor, but he saw that was now mounting upward—first that silent figure, and then Obed, creeping like a ghost after.

Passing through the hall of the second story they reached Judge Pemberton's room and for staring useless furniture, and known as the lumber room, which was reached when the trio vanished from view.

Five minutes later they came out again, in the same order as before, and with not a word being said; the light from the moon without, drifting full upon the various windows, serving as a means of illumination, at least sufficient for Gideon Black to see what was going on.

Then Gideon Black found himself facing the old butler in the lower hall—Obed was no longer the lugubrious servant he had appeared to be in life, but carried a look of keenest anxiety upon his thin face as he looked from the window to the door, listening, and to him, incomprehensible thing.

"Not yet, but soon, Obed. You need not borrow any more trouble; it is all right, and now you must go to your own bed. What you saw the other night through the sheerest accident has been repeated tonight when you were watching for such a thing. This is merely a coincidence; but unless we put a stop to it, ere long it would become a settled habit. Leave me here, Obed. Come to me in the morning, and all will be explained."

So he dismissed the aged retainer of the Pembertons, and when Obed, much as he distrusted Gideon Black, knew when he looked into the confident face of the other that as he said, it was well.

The detective was delivered by hearing the butler enter the library in the morning, and immediately set up, alert and eager to finish the business in hand.

"Tell your master I would like to see him before I go home," he said, stretching himself.

In a short time the judge came bustling in, his face expectant, and his manner excited.

"Well, I don't see that you have caught the thief, but perhaps the fellow didn't come—that would explain matters," he laughed.

"Suppose you look and make sure the diamonds are secure," suggested Gideon.

Loud were the ejaculations of astonishment and chagrin when the judge had opened the little safe and found that, as before, the priceless packet had been spirited away during the night.

"You were right, Black, and you know all about this mystery. I can see it from your face. Explain the thing to me—who took both packets—what species of legerdemain is this at work in my own house? I confess I am completely at sea," he exclaimed.

"Come with me, and I will show you," laughed Gideon: "really, after all it turned out for the best that you brought the thing, I am surprised I did not jump to the solution of the mystery long in the start. Ah! there is Obed, too—he pleased to accompany us, my good fellow, since you are vitally interested in this matter. Come upstairs with us for a time."

So he led the way to the lumber room, bent down and moved the lid of an old trunk that back the same, and said:

"Behold!"

Judge Pemberton bent his head, gave one look, and then fell backward with a cry, then put his hand up to his brow in a dazed way.

"There lie both packets sure enough, but how in the name of old Harry did they get here in this old trunk?" he muttered, frowning at Obed, who, as a man always seeks a moral a thought that continually eludes him.

"You put them there yourself, judge," Obed saw you the first night, and the poor fellow did not dare speak, for you were crazy or up to some deep game to headwink everybody, and I thought that as I said he believed that discretion must bind his tongue until you gave him permission to speak. Then I saw you watching again and saw you take the diamonds from the safe, and then the ruby and deposit them carefully alongside the rubies. The secret is out. Are the gems safe, judge. Why couldn't you have told me in the start that you had taken them out of the safe, instead of walking. I had to come to the conclusion over many mountains."

The judge Pemberton sat down right there on the edge of the trunk and laughed until he nearly cried, and Obed, much frightened old Obed chuckled too as if the joke appealed to him.

"Well, I am a somnambulist, all right, and a dangerous man to have in the house. It would be safer to chain me up than to trust my own gems, and hide them away as secret as I have done. Obed, I'll never speak for your work, Black. It was a fine bit of business," he said, gayly.

"Oh! not so much. I got the whole thing from Paddy the Cop as I stood right by your window that night. He saw you take the packet, and supposed you had cleaned out the safe and were about to take new Obed, here, looking in at the door, and he got the wrong impression. Overcome by curiosity he was coming the next night to see what had happened, and when we met him, and frightened him off again. But I guessed the truth before that, and wrote a letter on the subject, asking to read and pass judgment on. I think the case of the missing rubies, the judge's dual and predictions as to everything coming out gloriously seems to have verified. I'm going to leave you now. Kindly present my compliments to your wife and tell her I hope to see her again later."

"That you shall, Black, for you are coming for dinner and I'll not take no. Obed, man alive, there are still a thousand things you could tell me that I don't know, and I don't, and it will take cross-questioning for several days to bring them out of you. And the boy, Black," his voice softening as he spoke, "you will be interested in him, and I want you to meet him. He can pull him through I shall adopt the little fellow. I have had a fatherly heart ever of his last letter from across the big pond I have known you, Black, and regard you, and never can I put my eyes upon it but that I think of that boy's mind—that forlorn little fellow with his arms fastened about my wife's neck, and he calling her by the sweet name of mother. Ah! never can thank you enough for what you have done for me, Black, and it is easy to carry out a check with five figures, and fancy that in a measure I have repaid the debt, but all my life I shall thank God for the inspiration that made me call you in to save a man lost to a fiend."

The end.

Deodorized Meat.

An incident in which former Governor Odell, of New York, figured as the victim was told by Speaker James Hamilton Lewis at a recent banquet.

"When Governor Odell was last running for office," said Mr. Lewis, "he had been a great deal of talk about Niagara Falls and the electrical power that could be converted all over New York. One day an old negro hatted Mr. Odell up.

"Mr. Odell, is yo' runnin' for Gov'ner, suh?"

"I am,' answered the candidate.

"I guess yo' want my vote, den,' said the aged voter, hopefully.

"Well, I would like to have your vote, Zeb. I have known you for so many years.

"Well, I jist want to ask yo' a question, Mr. Odell, befo' I give mah vote to you. Are yo' for electric lights in de town?"

"Well, Zeb, I am for all modern improvements,' said Odell, with a slight flourish.

"Well, sah, I cain't vote for you,' said Zeb with firmness. 'I done forget dat I is a lamp lighter.'

Consumption Book

FREE

This valuable medical book telling in plain English how I cured Over One Hundred Cases of Consumption and Lung Diseases in my own practice. If you know of anyone afflicted with any of the following diseases from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any form of Throat or Lung Trouble, you should write to me at once and find out how you can get this book free. Several years ago I was given up to die with the advanced stage of lung disease, and feel that there is no case, no matter how discouraging after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write to-day to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4392 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the new Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have a chance to get well.

I believe in God, I believe in my self, I believe in my work, I believe in my success. I believe in the Golden Rule. I believe in the Square Deal. I believe in Prosperity. I believe in Optimism. I believe in Health. I believe in Happiness. I believe in Love. I believe in Life. I believe in Eternity. I believe in Heaven. I believe in Immortality. I believe in Peace. I believe in Joy. I believe in Harmony. I believe in Beauty. I believe in Truth. I believe in Goodness. I believe in Mercy. I believe in Charity. I believe in Kindness. I believe in Gentleness. I believe in Patience. I believe in Forbearance. I believe in Long-suffering. I believe in Meekness. I believe in Temperance. I believe in Self-control. I believe in Faith. I believe in Hope. I believe in Love. I believe in Life. I believe in Eternity. I believe in Heaven. I believe in Immortality. I believe in Peace. I believe in Joy. I believe in Harmony. I believe in Beauty. I believe in Truth. I believe in Goodness. I believe in Mercy. I believe in Charity. I believe in Kindness. I believe in Gentleness. I believe in Patience. I believe in Forbearance. I believe in Long-suffering. I believe in Meekness. I believe in Temperance. I believe in Self-control. I believe in Faith. I believe in Hope. I believe in Love.

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The Shadow of the Bastile.

(Continued from page three.)

"With the Marquise's spy? I understand. Yet you say that Madame la Marquise is your friend."

"I know. She hates D'Ambley as Satan hates holy water. But I don't want the Red Abbe to know anything of our little game. The reasons later on—perhaps. The king likes D'Ambley and he has good, nice words for Yolande, but the Madame—well, Madame was raised in jealousy and rocked in a cradle of intrigue and hatred."

He moved toward the door, but with his hand on the catch he turned and looked back at M. Flasselles.

"Remember!" said he. "She seeks the swans' retreat every night. I need say no more."

The man in the chair gave him a parting look and he was gone.

"Peste!" cried M. Flasselles. "I would like to see the two meet. I would like to see the swords of Gascony and Picardy cross in a real good bout. So M. de La Nux wants the girl and the girl wants Henri d'Ambley? It's a pretty state of affairs. And Madame la Marquise leads her Cancri and would send him to the Bastile. Ho! Ho! Might I not make a double fee? For Ambley is well-to-do, though they say—his directories—that he has no riches but his sword. I might milk him, too. But hang it all, there is La Nuita's paper and it has a keen point, for it is 'Secret.' he finished with a solemn shake of the head. shouldn't wonder at Madame over a petticoat sets the whole Court at sixes and sevens."

He arose and went to a secret closet from which he took a bottle and a goblet. He proceeded to fill the latter and at one breath drank off its dark red contents with great relish.

"It's the vintage of Lorraine that nerves a man," he hummed, wiping down the glass. "I am ready for the fray now."

At this moment a door behind him opened and a sworded person younger than himself came forward.

"Just the man I want, Jules!" cried M. Flasselles. "I've a little adventure on my hands. Come, sit and eat and it shall be big yellow pieces. Where is Le Compte and Buzzy and—"

"Within call, my good brother."

"It's in the tomorrow night—a beautiful witch, the garden of the Palais Royal and a bag full of doubloons!" and Mr. Flasselles with a laugh pushed bottle and goblet toward the adventurer.

This thrilling story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very dramatic happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all. Better attend to this today.

Why He Would Compromise.

A St. Louisan, who makes a specialty of Ozark stories, tells this one of an old colonel who went down into Arkansas a great deal when land warrants were a building through there to Texas.

He was a fine breed, tempered man, and what he thought of Arkansas he was not soft to remark. One day he was particularly abusing the State, its mosquitoes, bugs and myriad pests. It was a little too strong for the native, and one of them retorted:

"Don't see why yuh cain't stand it. We live down hyar all nigh."

"Do you call it livin' down here all right to herd aroun' an' slap bugs all day?" the colonel retorted.

"Don't slap bugs all day," the native answered.

"Yes, you do, too. I'll bet $5 you can't set there where you are five minutes with your hands folded in your lap."

It was a bet, and the colonel moved around with the native as that worthy undertook the ordeal. There were a few bugs at once, but they were few, but the colonel placed his reliance upon something that was certain to come to make an impression.

Standing where his adversary could not observe him, he took a small tack glued from his pocket and focused its beam upon the back of the native's neck. It was not very long until the red hair on the neck began to curl up and twitch, and after two minutes and a half the yellow skin began to squirm. The native gritted his teeth and stood it for three minutes and a half. Then he spoke.

"Colonel," he said, "Ah don't want to seem to hedge on this bet, but Ah'll compromise. Ah'll set hyar with mah hands half if you'll let me brush that bald-tailed hornet off'n the back o' my neck."

The Great Change.

"Tomorrow is the day."

As the young husband spoke his hauch was gay and free from care, nay, even joyous.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "tomorrow is the happy day that shall take us away once more to dear old country, where the children can romp and play, where all nature smiles and the health and happiness of youth will come back to all of our checks. Are you ready

She looked at him curiously.

"Ready?" she exclaimed, "why, you know I have planned everything," he said, "and I advise you to get to bed early tonight so that you will be in condition for the morrow. Have you got the railroad tickets?"

"I do not understand."

"And have you taken down the packing boxes from the attic and provided yourself with the trunks and bags for the journey and shipping labels? Have you arranged with the proper company? Have you secured seats in the parlor car and notified the people that we are all coming? Why you gone over the trunk keys, and folded up the rugs, and notified the gas and water companies, and had the plumber shut off and clean out the furnace? Have you done all this—say, mercy me! are you even the commander and the laundryman, and are you ready to take all the grips down to the station and cover the furniture and—"

She stopped him with an ashen face.

"Are you mad?" she said. "Haven't we been married for years, and hasn't this always been your duty?"

"Yes, darling," he replied quietly, "it has; but tomorrow you have recently joined the suffragette party, why, this year, things are going to be quite different." And picking up his case of poker chips he went out into the night and left her sorrowing.—Life.

How He Fell.

Gentlemen of the jury:

"The prisoner has been accused of kissing the plaintiff. Let me tell you how it happened, so that you will have a fuller understanding of the case. The prisoner is a promising young man and a great social favorite in his set. Among his other accomplishments he knows a number of very interesting parlor tricks.

"He can draw rabbits from hats, eggs from ears and he can invariably produce the queen of spades from a full deck of cards. While performing some of his most difficult tricks he asks for the help of an assistant to hold his hands and to look him in the eye. In this way he proves that there is no deception, that there is nothing in his hands and nothing in his sleeves.

"One night when the prisoner called upon the plaintiff she asked him to show her some of these tricks.

"I must get an assistant,' he said, 'to hold my hands and look me in the eye.'

"'I will be your assistant,' she answered, 'and I will hold your hands and look you in the eye.'

"In a moment of weakness my client consented. She held his hands and she looked him in the eye. What happened thereafter even he is sorry, now, to recall? He forgot his tricks; he couldn't think of a single, solitary one.

"'What's the matter?' she asked.

"'I have forgotten the trick I was going to show you.'

"She looked at him in a very coy manner.

"'Well, then,' said she, 'can't you think of some other suitable trick?'

"'Upon my honor, I do,' it is then that he kissed her and that is the case upon which we await your verdict—guilty or not guilty."

Why He Let Go.

Roger Cornell tells of an Irish friend of his who fell off a high building. About twenty feet above the ground the Irishman grabbed a wire, and held on for a bit, then let go of it, and continued his sudden journey downward.

"What did you let go of that wire for?" asked a friend, in the hospital.

"Shure, I was afraid the domned wire would break," said Pat.

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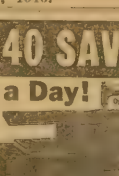

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The Rex drops 16 stitches and different kinds of work, is perfect in stitch, with full set of attachments, and has the same drop head that sells for $50 and other high priced machines.

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Send postal today for latest big free catalog, full description of easy plan by which anybody, no matter how poor, can own a King Rex. Write us a little now and we will send you the Free Sewing Course in Needlework and latest plan of the King Rex. Address

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109 Court St., (4) BUFFALO, N. Y.

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EARN ELEGANT WATCH AND CHAIN IN ONE DAY'S WORK

MEN and WOMEN

EARN $3.00 DAILY

WRITE TO THIS WOMAN

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She Saved Her Husband, Her Brother and Several of Her Neighbors and Prompted by Her Sympathetic Heart, She Generously Offers to Tell You of the Simple, Inexpensive Remedy that she so Successfully Used.

For over 20 years the husband of Mrs. Margaret Anderson was a hard drinker, but nine years ago, by using a simple remedy, she stopped his drinking entirely. He has not touched a drop since.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON
She Will Tell You How To Stop a Man From Drink

The remedy can be given secretly, so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She wants every man or woman who has drunkenness in their home to write to her so she can tell them just what remedy she used. Hundreds have cried down from their knees by using the information she gave them, but there are still hundreds of others who need and should have it, so to earnestly advise every one of our readers who has a dear one who drinks, to drop her a line to-day.

The proofs of the hundreds of really remarkable results are too strong to be doubted or denied. Yet she makes no charge for her help, (she asks for money and accept none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. She only requests that if you are personally interested in saving one who drinks. Send your letter with confidence to her home. Here is her address:

Mrs. Margaret Anderson,
347 Oak Street, Jamestown, New York.
Note: (Write your full name and address plainly—Do not delay.)

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About the United States "Vacant Land and How to Secure One."

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W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I Was A Heavy Drinker

Consumed Quart of Whisky Daily.

CURED IN 72 HOURS

If you know anyone who drinks alcoholic beverages to excess, you will confer a favor by calling to his attention of an Alcohol Slave." It reveals something of vital interest to him. I was a slave to drink. I drank for all the wrong reasons. I drank for self-pity, a dinner of strong liquors, when drinking bravely, I wished I had never been born, and when I was in the wildest spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky a day. I was a slave to drink. I was drinking myself to death.

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, lost my self-respect, became a nuisance and became an enemy, unwelcome before even all my friends. I was a slave to drink. I was a slave to whisky. I was a slave to beer.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I recognized as a hopeless case. I was a slave to drink. I was a slave to whisky. I have a joyous message for drinkers and their

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

A little drifting from head to horse, as a slave of drink, and I was a slave to drink. I was a slave to whisky. I was a slave to beer. My self-respect and health was quickly restored. I became and am now taking much enjoyment out of life. I am now a free man. I have no craving for drink. I have no craving for whisky. I have no craving for beer. I have no craving for anything. I am free. I am free. I am free.

The craving for Liquor created. I will show you how to overcome this craving. I will show you how to overcome this craving. I will show you how to overcome this craving.

Wonderful Cure for Drink Habit

My cure took 3 days if I had time men will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, became as an inveterate drunkard, and I was a drunkard. I was a drunkard. I was a drunkard.

Fighting Against Odds;

Or, Two Boys in Business

By ALFRED B. TOZER

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Began in No. 6, Nov. 5. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, of agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST CUSTOMER.

NEVER was a more heartless conspiracy hatched. Never were conspirators more determined in their work, or more in dread of each other. Before many days Archer knew that French was following in every shady transaction in order to get him further in his power. There were many shady transactions in the second-hand store. Before the week was out French knew that Archer had followed a like method to lead to his place of business, and knew everything there was to be known about him—except, possibly, his reason for wanting to get rid of the boys, at any cost, at even the price of blood.

The day following the arrest and release was a busy one. Sergeant Howie worked with the boys, and the West Madison street stores were made to look spick and span clean for the new tenants. The goods the boys had on hand were moved in long before night.

They did not make much of a show, however, on the shelves and in the long show case, and the boys regarded the empty spaces disconsolately. Howie was quick to see what was in their minds.

"Disappointed, are you?" he demanded, as his eyes followed the line of empty shelves beyond the counter. "Well, there's an auction house down the street, and there they sell odd lots of shoes, put up in boxes, too, like they had just come from the factory. You go down there and pick out what you want, and I'll 'phone the dealer to let you have them. You see," he continued, with a smile, "it is rather exciting for me to be quoted good for thousands of books, and I'm anxious to exercise my privilege."

"You haven't owned this building long?" asked Dick.

"I inherited it not long ago from an uncle" was the reply. "Now go on and get your shoes, and then figure what you are to put in that next room."

The stock was bought at a great bargain and arranged on the shelves. It was decided to lower the shades in the vacant store and use that as a residence until something could be found to stock it with. An arch had been cut between the two rooms, and so it was easy of access.

The boys worked in the store all day, and at night it was ready to open to the public. It was a cozy little place of business, with the shelves trimmed prettily in scarlet and everything as clean as soap and water could make it. The boys were proud of their new place of business, and were so eager to throw the door open to any chance customer that they took little time for sleep.

Now, could Dick have seen what was merrily, his plump cheeks stained with the color of exercise, he would have run the first to pay in money here?

"We ought to save the first piece of money we take in," suggested Sidney.

"You bet your life!" said Dick, and, then, when this little shop grows into a big department store—the biggest in the city—we can have a case in the middle of all our prosperity."

"Maybe it won't be the foundation of anything," laughed Sidney, "unless we spend it, and make a profit, and invest the profit again."

"It will be the beginning, anyway," responded Dick.

The boy was moving toward the door as he spoke, and looked out into the street and lift something which looked like a letter from the floor.

"See here!" he said, holding it aloft, "see what was just shoved under the door."

When opened the envelope was found to contain only a piece of brown wrapping paper, which was crawled a threat. "You won't be allowed to do business here. Get out!" was the terse, yet significant words which met the eyes of the astonished young merchants.

"We don't scare!" was what Dick said, and Sidney echoed the words.

"Some cheap sport, thinking to have some fun at our expense, put it under the door to frighten us," said Sidney, "and we'll pay no further attention to it."

"Perhaps it will be commercial advertising, and I'm anxious to exercise my privilege."

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whom he had escaped in the plight in which he had entered the store.

While such suspicions as these were thronging on the b in of the unhappy boy, there came a great thumping at the door, and the cattleman was seen peering through the glass, holding in one hand a struggling, kicking, biting youth of about Sidney's age. Whenever the prisoner became unusually violent, the giant held him out at arm's length and gave him a few not too gentle boxes on the ears. This occurred at least twice while Sidney was walking to the door, so that by the time it was opened and Cross admitted the captive was in a fair state of submission.

Cross threw the youth, who was ragged and dirty, and scowling of face, down on the floor and placed a foot on him, while Sidney looked on in wonder.

"What does it all mean?" asked the senior partner.

"Why," replied Cross, panting a little, "this is the loafer who attacked the boy, there. I saw him through the glass before the door was opened, and saw him giving the half-unconscious lad a kick in the back."

"You're a liar!" cried the captive, trying to crawl from under the heavy foot which held him to the floor. "I never touched the boy!"

"And you didn't take his money, either!" replied Cross. "Wait until I make a polite investigation and see what you'll pan out."

The cattleman's polite investigation consisted in taking the captive by the heels and swinging him up and clear of the floor so that what was in his pockets would drop out. While the boy was cursing and trying to crawl up in the giant's legs, articles of value began dropping from his clothes.

First there came a rattling of silver and gold, dropping down and rolling over the floor boards. Then a little roll of banknotes came out, followed by a ring of keys and a

"Why, this woman has the smallpox!"

pocket knife. The polite investigation over, Cross released the boy on the floor again and instructed Sidney to pick up the money.

While this was being done Dick opened his mouth and asked about—

"Is this the one?" asked Cross, pointing to the squirming figure under his huge foot. "Is this the one who took it and robbed you?"

The boy nodded.

"I thought so," observed Cross. "Count the cash, young man, and see how much there is missing. None, eh? All right! This is highway robbery," he continued, turning to the captive. "You'll do time for this. What is," he hesitated, "unless you tell us who put you up to it?"

"No one put me up to it!" shrieked the boy. "I found it, and you can all go chase yourselves. I'd like to get a clip at the young cub."

Looks to me like you had already had a clip at him. Came up from behind, I suppose? If I had you out on the Silent Double X you'd be swinging in the wind in no time. What do you say, Sid?"

But the captive would not say. Save for muttered oaths and outbursts of insulting defiance he remained silent until a policeman was called to take him to the station. It may well be questioned whether he was admitted to bail that night, the bond being signed by prominent boodleman, and that when the case was called he was nowhere to be found. The bond was retreated and paid, but that did not produce the accused.

After the departure of the prisoner Sidney closed the store, drew the shades and set for a long talk with the cattleman, who advised them to close out their store and go West with him. He offered to stock a ranch for them and put them in the way of becoming wealthy in a few years, but the hardware merchant was afraid of getting wealth in quite so fast a way.

"We're going to have the biggest department store in Chicago before we quit business," asserted Sidney, and Dick, who was quite comfortable now, echoed the sentiment.

"All right," returned the cattleman, good-naturedly. "Go ahead, and if you ever need any backing just write your Uncle Cross. I'll be there with the goods."

The boys thanked him again and again and, long after he had taken his departure, sat talking over the offer and the striking events of the day. It was clear that they were not to establish themselves in business without going through battles of numerous kinds. Thus far they had come off victorious, but how long would their luck would continue. However, they went to bed in hopeful mood and arose to a good trade in the morning.

The boys now carried on their business until September without interference, and to good profit. The stock of shoes bought on Sergeant Howie's guarantee at the auction house was sold and paid for and a neat profit left on hand. The shoe-shining platform was taken out of the store to Dick's great joy, and shelves put there. When it was time for the fall trade to open, the store was fairly well filled with goods, and there were few debts.

Besides the shoe store, the one beyond them was still empty of stock and being used as a workshop. There was a handsome little range, a neat folding bed, a wardrobe for their clothes, and a pretty rug, all at the rear of the place, and many a cozy summer night the boys passed there. There was a little porch at the back of the building, which did not run quite to the alley, but had were flowers in boxes and petunias in tin vines, giving quite a rural effect to the spot. As the autumn came on they remade plans for the winter's reading, and decided to take up some study to assist in passing the time not spent in the store or at the books.

"I wish we had a stock of clothing in here," Dick said one night, as the boys sat at their books. "We ought to make some money off this store."

"What do you say to my going down tomorrow and picking up some line to sell here—something to run fast, quick, in a small profit. Even if we did not make much, it would serve to open the store and get people to coming in."

"What would you get?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anything we could get."

"We could make money on a printing press, if we had the right kind," laughed Dick, "but there isn't enough off for good trade to make that job interest."

"I'll find something to make profit on," replied Sidney with a laugh.

And find something he did, buttons to canned chopped, suits me," added Dick. "I'm not fussy. He had the fabrics, and was being hanged said to the jailor. I won't kick on anything you buy, old fellow."

Early the next morning Sidney left for the wholesale district, leaving Dick planning great schemes for the future. He was gone a long time, and the junior partner began to worry as well as curious. At last Sidney showed up with a broad grin on his face.

"Guess what it is?" he said.

"I hope it isn't anything we have to feed and water," replied Dick, "for we don't have to weigh on the city scales. If you've gone and bought the fatted calf to sell in this store I'll get a divorce."

"Guess!" returned Sidney.

"Give it up."

"Just once."

"I don't know about it," replied Dick. "Will it sell?"

"Like hot cakes in Alaska! You'd see what a rush there will be when time is opened. It's a great specu-

The secretiveness of the senior partner was exasperating, but Dick only laughed and thought how he would get even with him. Finally Sidney beckoned to a fortune-looking fellow of about his own age standing on the walk outside the door ding in the window, and when the boy entered the store, Sidney said, by way of introduction:

"This is my detective, brought here at great expense to guard stock. His name is Jimmie Nobody, alias Jimmy the Touch Mug. Looks fierce, doesn't he? Found him down here on State street, looking for a job. I gave him one, and here he is."

At this novel introduction Jimmy the Touch Mug, who was a mild and innocent appearing boy, not at all worthy of the

Wonderful Whiskey Offer!
Mellow Springs Whiskey
Mellow Springs Whiskey
Private Stock
4 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey $2.25
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This world-famed specific for women's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

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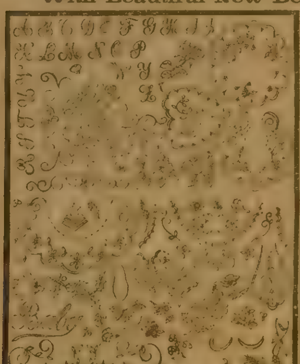

The outfit contains a cake of special stamping preparation a distributing pad and full set of directions, so that [illegible] ed designs. [illegible] shows some of them.

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1 Baby's Bootees
1 Baby's Script word "Baby."
[illegible]
1 Sleeve Ornament (Star and [illegible])
1 12 inch Centerpiece.
[illegible]
2 Sprays Forget Me Nots.
2 Sprays Daisies. Total 42.

[illegible] variety and beauty of [illegible] this outfit cannot be duplicated. They are all perforated on good quality of paper, so that they will last a lifetime.

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nickname conferred upon him, looked appealingly up at Dick, his large blue eyes seeming to ask for companionship and consideration.

"I'm not Jimmy," he said, "and I'm not the Tough Mug. I'm Henry Snowden, and I'm looking for a job."

"You mustn't mind what that fellow says," replied Dick, pointing at Sidney "He's foolish in his head—like a fox!"

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNFORESEEN DIFFICULTY.

"Why, you've got a job," laughed Sidney. "You're going to board with the bosses and protect the new speculation from shoplifters. And, by the way, here the new stock comes, right this minute."

As he spoke a great freight wagon backed up to the door and workmen began setting off large boxes and barrels. The boys assisted, and in a short time all were ranged along the walls in the unoccupied store. Dick, all curiosity and excitement, seized a hammer at once and knocked off the cover of a convenient box. He looked at the contents a moment, then threw his hammer at the grinning senior partner and sat down on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter.

What he saw was a mass of ribbons of all shades and a mixture of straw and felt, in every conceivable shape. In a moment he arose and, thrusting his hand into the box, drew out a dozen or more women's hats, summer hats, fall hats, and winter hats. Some were in pretty good condition and some were crushed out of shape, which was no wonder at all, as they were packed in like sardines. Dick motioned toward the other boxes.

"I presume, you crazy man," he observed, "that all the other things are filled with junk just like this?"

"Sure! I reckon there's about four thousand hats in the lot."

"They'll make fine houses for the rats and mice this winter."

"There won't be any left this winter. I'm going to sell 'em, every one, inside of three weeks. You see if I don't."

"But, urged Dick, "we haven't any shelves, or showcases, to put them in, and they need pressing out, and fixing up. Who's to do that?"

"You need a guardian!" grinned Sidney. "Look here."

He opened all the boxes and barrels, exposing such a mass of millinery as the West Side had not seen in many a day, and dumped a quantity of the stock out on two boards, resting on barrel tops and forming a counter.

"There!" he said, "the sale is ready to proceed. Bring on the customers!"

"But they've got to be straightened out!"

"Not yet!" returned Sidney. "Look here! Old Schwartz was about to dump that precious cargo into the furnace. It has been accumulating in his store for three years. I bought it just as it is for $100, and I'm going to sell it, just as it is, for $1,000. Do you mind that now?"

"Why," said Dick, "that is two and a half cents each, if there are four thousand, and we've got to get a quarter each for them. Whoop!"

"Now you act natural," Sidney said. "Why, there's hats in there that are worth a dollar for the ribbon and frame. There isn't one that isn't worth half a dollar. We'll advertise 'em tomorrow and get the women to coming, and that will do the business. Say, but that will be easy money!"

Next day, after the noon newspaper came out, there was indeed a rush for the little store on West Madison street. The boy Henry was stationed at the door to watch for shoplifters, and the sale went merrily on. Some of the hats were in such good demand that more than a quarter was offered, and net profits of the sale, which was on for two weeks, was something like a thousand dollars. It seemed very wonderful to the boys.

The new clerk proved to be a very industrious little fellow indeed, and in a short time seemed like a member of the family. He had been reared on a farm near St. Joe, and knew little of city ways, but he learned fast and appeared to be a natural salesman. When rescued from the street by Sidney, he was cold, hungry, and discouraged, and now he tried in every way to repay the kindness.

When the hats were sold the boys got in an auction lot of clothing which had been damaged by water and another winning was made. All that winter they bought goods that could be rushed off at low prices, and by spring were in shape to stock up the second store with a line of clothing.

One afternoon, when they had been in the stores about a year Sergeant Howie came in to see them. He called the partners back to the little office and said:

"I've got to get more money out of this building, boys."

"Oh," cried Dick, "and that means you're going to boost the rent. All right! Boost away. We can stand it."

"You're lucky," continued the sergeant, "and I like to back lucky people. Of course I don't say that your success is all attributable to luck, for you have worked hard and used good judgment, but there's an element of luck in your winning out, all the same. Now, I'm going to back you a little further."

"What do you want us to buy now?" asked Dick. "We've handled about everything except menagerie material already. And we've not the room to put in anything more."

"That is exactly what I want to talk with you about," said Sergeant Howie. "I am thinking of giving you the third store in the building and fitting up the second story for you. What about it?"

"I can see the department store on the way!" roared Dick, dancing about the room.

"Yes, that will give you a little department store. You can put in groceries in the third store, after cutting an arch, and run dry goods and all that sort of thing on the second floor."

"It seems too good to be true," exclaimed the excited Sidney, and even Henry, who was trying his best to live down the nick name of Jimmy Tough, smiled and cuddled up to the big policeman.

"What shall we put in upstairs?" asked Dick

"Well," replied the sergeant, "there's money in books and stationery, and such stuff, and you might handle music and musical instruments in the same department."

"Cracky!" murmured Dick, "neither of us knows a note of music from a note due in sixty days! Nice figure I'd cut selling music."

"If you please," interrupted Henry, modestly, "I can play almost everything a little, and I used to sing a little, too. I might help out in the music store, if you put one in."

The three looked at the little fellow in amazement. Then they all demanded in a breath, where he had learned to play "almost everything a little," and where

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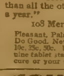

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and [illegible] who have been wrongfully treated for [illegible] Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

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he had learned to sing. The boy hung his head and answered that he didn't know, that it seemed to him that he had always known how to play some musical instrument, and that he had always been asked to sing where he was known.

"You might have favored us with a little music last winter," grumbled Dick.

"Probably he didn't want to lose his job," laughed the sergeant.

"We don't have a musical prodigy on our hands," Sidney hastened to say, seeing that the boy was embarrassed, "and I hope we have. Anyway, we're going to put books and music on the second floor."

"That's the idea the building were begun that very day, and so actively were they carried on that in two months' time, that is, by the middle of June, the third story and the storerooms above were stocked and ready for the opening.

"When the new departments open in the morning," observed Sidney, on the afternoon before the big event was to take place, "we'll be left out over three thousand dollars."

"Why?" cried the junior partner, "but that is going some. But, after all, we've got ten thousand dollars' worth of goods in the new department to show for it, and we'll soon pay up. We'll take in a lot of money at the opening tomorrow."

"If we have good luck," agreed Sidney, "but we have been having such good luck for a year or more that I'm beginning to look for a dump of some kind."

"Don't be a croaker for anything of that kind," advised Dick. "Bad luck comes fast enough without looking for it. And, speaking of bad luck, I wonder what has become of Old Archer. I believe he was at the bottom of that attack on us. Anyway, some man with money was, for the tough was licked and never showed up for trial."

"Well," anxiously, "I hope there won't come any bad luck just now. We'd be in a bad plight if anything should interfere with our business during the next few days."

Dick laughed at the idea of anything interfering with them, not knowing that a cloud was then drifting up which was to make everything black for them. The cloud of disaster reached the store about five o'clock that very afternoon, in the form of a richly-dressed, beauty-veiled lady who entered the little shoe store and asked for man's slippers. There were several customers in the store at the time, among them a slender, thin-faced, dark-complexioned man who was looking at shoes near where the lady was given a seat. Dick was waiting on the lady, who was petulant in manner and hard to please.

In a moment she tore her veil away from her face and seemed to be gasping for breath. Calling for a glass of water, she dropped back in her chair and remained motionless. Among those to gather about her was the slender man before referred to. He lifted the woman's hand, felt of her pulse, and then turned his attention to her eyes.

"Why," he cried, excitedly, "this woman has smallpox! Some one summon a health inspector at once. She must be taken away."

Every customer in the store darted out, one man carrying his shoes in his hands and coming to the pavement in his stocking feet. Sidney and Dick, knowing the significance of the affair, stood looking on in alarm. Dick was the first to speak.

"I don't believe she's got smallpox," he declared. "I'll go around the corner and get a doctor. Keep the crowd out, Sidney. I won't be gone a second."

The warning to keep the crowd out was given none too soon, for the manner in which customers had rushed out of the store had excited attention in the street, and a little crowd was forming outside.

"You needn't go for a doctor," replied the other. "I'm Dr. Weaver, of Fifty-fourth street. There's no doubt that the woman has one of the worst cases in the stage of the disease where she may communicate it to others. Will no one call a policeman?"

Just at that moment an officer crowded his way through the press at the door and entered. At a word from the doctor he turned and locked the door after him. Then he went to the 'phone and ordered a hospital ambulance. The boys were in despair. This unfortunate happening might spoil the grand opening so extensively advertised and Dick Sidney protested in vain.

"I guess the doctor knows his business," said the officer, when the boy asked to have another physician called. "The patient will be sent to the contagious hospital, and health officers will come up here and close your store."

"Close the store!" echoed both boys. "For how long?"

"Oh, for about two weeks, until everything is fumigated."

"That means absolute ruin!" cried Sidney.

Next week's Ledger will continue further chapters of this capital story of boyhood adventure. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Real Genius.

"Every time I go to southern California," said Richard C. Worthington, "I see something that makes me open my eyes farther, and take my hat to the progressiveness of those fellows out there.

"But on this last trip," he continued, "I witnessed a piece of enterprise which exceeds anything which I ever saw or heard of, or ever expected to see or hear of.

"I was traveling in the country between San Francisco and Los Angeles one day, when I was impressed by the size of some hogs in a pigpen near the road. I was especially impressed because on my previous trips the razorback quality of the pork had caused me to comment. This time, however, the hogs were as big as barrels.

"How did you do it?" I asked the farmer, who was bending over the bars of the pen picking his teeth with a piece of straw.

"Well, ye see it's this here way, stranger," replied the agriculturist. "Them hawgs just clean run the fat all out of 'emselves diggin' for acorns. They sort of had competition with them dangred woodpeckers who'd gobble up the acorns and skure 'em away in a hole in a fence post or rail, and there wouldn't be anything left for the hawgs.

"I got to thinkin' the matter over, and I calculated that it was up to me to stop them woodpeckers, so I rigged up sort of a birdhouse and filled the front of it all full with holes about the size of the holes them birds put their acorns in in the fence. Then I built me a long tube leadin' down from them holes to the feedin' trough, and blest my time till them birds got wise to the contrivance.

"It didn't take 'em long. Before a little while they was pilin' acorns into them 'er holes as if they was gettin' 10 cents an hour, and the acorns was a-runnin' right down the pipe to the pigs' mouths.

"That's the way I got them pigs nice and fat, mister. All they have to do now is to lay around by the trough and the birds feed 'em. Purty good idea, ain't it?"

The Reason Why.

"I happened to laying over in a town in the Southwest for a few hours," said the colonel, "and as I walked about the street I noticed dozens of hogs wallowing in the mudholes or sleeping on the sidewalks. When I finally came across the city marshal I mentioned the fact and asked why the porkers were not restrained.

"'Yes, I believe there's a law to fit it,' he slowly replied.

"'And why isn't the law enforced?'

"'It's left to me, but I don't exactly see my way clear.'

"'But there are the hogs and there is the law,' I protested.

"I was about to ask him what it was when a dog came along and pitched into a hog fresh from a roll in the mud, and the porker uttered a loud squeal as the sharp teeth nipped his flank. The sound had not died away when a dozen men ran out of houses, saloons and stores and looked around for somebody to shoot.

"'You see,' said the marshal, as the crowd broke and scattered, 'that's the law and there's the hogs, but as you said, but when every man in town owns a hawg and is willing to lay down his life for him, what you going to do about it—shet up the hawgs or shoot off the owners?'

What He Wanted.

Mike had saved up his wages very faithfully and had finally yielded to the seductive allurements of the talking machine. He found it a great addition to the delights of home life, and it brought him a deal of happiness in his idle hours with its renderings of comic songs and funny vaudeville dialogues. Once or twice Mrs. Mike had used it for her occasional dances for her neighbors, as altogether the latest instrument had taken a great hold upon the affections of the Finnegan family.

"Sure," said Mike one morning, when the weather was too wet for him to work; "sure our little furnishin's is now a new lot o' food, Nora. Oi t'ink Oi'll run down to the store an' see do they be havin' any new t'ings in. Not that Oi'm toired of what we now, but Oi t'ink we can afford to give the little masheen a bit more variety in his food."

"Tis, Moike," said Mrs. Finnegan. "Oi was t'inkin' so meself."

So off he went.

"Gud marnin', sor."

"Good morning," replied the agent affably. "It's a fine day."

"For him that loikes it wet," said Mike. "Oi'm the feller that bought the talkin' masheen from yes a couple o' mont's ago. Me name is Finnegan."

"I remember you very well, Mr. Finnegan," said the agent. "I hope the machine is satisfactory."

"Sure, it's earned its kvin," returned Mike, "an' meself sees many a hard-up thim jokes and danced me fut off to its jigs; an' so, havin' a small bit o' the coin than satisfied!"

to spare, Oi've come in to git a couple o' dollars worth o' new stoof for it."

"Good!" said the man. "We have a lot of new things in. Have you anything especially in mind?"

"Yis, sor," said Mike. "Oi'd loike to hear some o' thim marathon records the newspapers do be tellin' about."

More Than Satisfied.

He had been noticed hanging around the halls of Congress for a couple of weeks, and one of the guardians finally accosted him with:

"My friend, are you seeing Washington?"

"Yes, kinder," was the reply; "though what brought me down here was to see if I couldn't get an office."

"What sort of an office?"

"O, a postmastership."

"Have you been the President or any one about it?"

"Nope. I have just talked with a waiter in a restaurant."

"You want a postmastership, eh? Well, let me give you a pointer. First, you want a strong petition from fellow townsmen; then you want to interest your member of Congress; then you want your case laid before the President; then you will have to wait until Congress confirms you. All that will take time, you see. You can find offices lying around the streets here."

"No, I don't want to. How long do you think it will take?"

"Well, I don't want to discourage you. If everything goes favorable in your case you may get the postmastership in five years."

"You'll tell me!"

"Yes, about five years, and I hope you are not discouraged."

"Discouraged, my friend? Why, I figured on two years at least and you have cut the time half in two! Put me down as more

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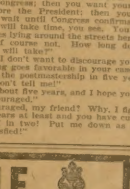

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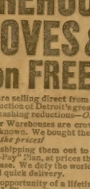

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THE MYSTERIOUS DRAWER

"Is Mr. Carbon in?"

"That is my name," I replied.

"Are you the detective?"

"That is my profession."

"I am being robbed and want your assistance."

All right. Now give me all the particulars—your name, residence, place of business, of what you are being robbed, whom you suspect, in short, state clearly everything connected with the matter."

"My name is Thomas Hughes. I keep a country store, in the village of ——, and reside in the dwelling part of the house. I am being systematically robbed of money. The amounts taken at one time are not very large—ranging from one to five dollars —but they are very frequent—some three or four times a week."

"Where is the money taken from, Mr. Hughes?"

"From the cash drawer in the store; and what I cannot account for is, that on one or two occasions I secretly watched the drawer, and am certain that no one had access to it—in fact, that no one was near it at all; and yet, upon my examining the contents, which I had carefully counted before, I was astonished to discover that the amount was a two dollar bill, or more."

"Are you sure you counted it correctly?"

"Yes, for I went over it three times, and then made a memorandum on a piece of paper to be doubly sure."

"This seems a rather interesting case, Mr. Hughes. Whom have you employed in your store?"

"A young man and a boy. They both have been with me for two years."

"And you don't suspect either of them?"

"No, I feel sure that I can trust, and yet I don't know what to think."

"Is there any one else you suspect?"

"No, no one."

"Have you spoken to any one about your losing?"

"No one except my wife."

"Has she mentioned it?"

"No; for she enjoined me to keep silent about it, and come to you and consult with a detective. I called on the firm I buy some of my goods from, and they recommended me to you."

"When do you go home?"

"Tonight."

"Could you employ more help without exciting suspicion?"

"Yes, for I have been thinking about putting on some extra help, my business is increasing so that I actually require it."

"I have a very smart lad in my employ, and the best way for me to do is to let him go back with you, and for you to ostensibly act like two new hands in the store. Call here about four o'clock this afternoon, and he will be ready to accompany you."

Mr. Hughes then left, and I sent for my lad.

When he arrived I informed him of the case, and gave him what instructions I thought necessary.

At four o'clock Mr. Hughes came back, I introduced the boy to him and they then left together.

A few days after my young deputy returned and handed me the following written report:

"I arrived at Mr. Hughes' house about eight o'clock of the day we left, and after supper I was introduced to the young man and boy employed there, and was told that the boy would sleep with the clerk (myself).

"The next day I went to work in the store, and managed to become very much my employer's pretty thoroughly without being observed by any one except Mr. Hughes.

"I could see nothing wrong about the drawer—it being an ordinary one, with a spring and bell, to ring in the room as alarm, so arranged that unless you touched a spring in a certain manner it would strike a gong.

"For three days nothing was missed; but on the fourth, while Mr. Hughes and myself were the only persons in the store, a five-dollar note was missed.

"The boy had been sent out to deliver some parcels, and the young man, whose name was Samuel Silverton, was upstairs in his own room, preparing to go out.

"Both Mr. Hughes and myself had examined the drawer, and counted the money, and an hour afterward, upon making another examination, we discovered the money to be short.

"As soon as we had ascertained this fact, I quietly drew upstairs to see if Silverton was there. As I passed his door I found it open, and he was in the room.

"Surely he could not be the thief—for I had heard him ascend the stairs to go to his room before we counted the money, and now I found him there. But could he have left the room and robbed the drawer? That he could not; for Mr. Hughes and myself were the only persons remaining, and no one but ourselves had been in the store during the absence of the others.

"I quickly and silently reported that Silverton was in his room.

"Well, what do you think of it?' asked Mr. Hughes.

"'It is a great mystery now, I must admit,' I replied; 'but when we discover the process by which the money is abstracted, we may find it is not such a deep mystery after all. I always look at these matters as I do upon the tricks of a magician, which seem impossible to the uninitiated, but are easy enough when explained. I am not in the least superstitious, and there is always a rational way of accounting for what happens. Now, we know that money is abstracted from the drawer; we know that somebody must take it, for it cannot leave without help; and that in order to take the money there must be a way. We also know that no one has been near the drawer in the store. Now what are the means used?' That is the first point we must find out, and after we discover that, it will be an easy matter to discover the thief.'

"'Have you any plan of action?' asked Mr. Hughes.

"'Yes.'

"'What is it?'

"'When Silverton goes out you must send the boy away on an errand, and then I will have an opportunity to take the boxes and parcels from under the counter and also take the drawer out and make a thorough examination.'

"'All right, it shall be done, and I hope you will succeed.'

"In a short time Silverton passed out through the store and the boy entered.

"Mr. Hughes then sent the boy out, and I went to work.

"The first thing I discovered was, that among the boxes stored under the counter was a deep one, with a false bottom in the bottom out, standing near the drawer.

"The drawer was so close that it would not come all the way out; but when it was pulled out to the end it would stop—being examined, one of the boxes removed, and I was compelled to draw some nails in order to get the false bottom out.

"The next thing I discovered was that the back part of the drawer was hinged, and could be let down from behind, even when the drawer was closed.

"I then examined the floor, and discovered what appeared to be a trapdoor but could not tell the way it was fixed. I descended into the cellar, and there found that I was right, for there was a trapdoor, just large enough to allow a person to squeeze through, and opened and fastened from the under or cellar side.

"I informed Mr. Hughes and showed him the manner used to obtain the money.

"'Well, you have found the mode,' he said, 'but who is the thief?'

"'That remains to be seen,' I replied; 'but we must watch the boy, and I think it will be best to catch him in the act.'

"'You are right—but how will you do it?'

"'Tomorrow I will pretend to be well, and you must order me to my room. I will feign to retire early, secrete myself, and watch; and if I find any one at the drawer, I will immediately call you, and you must come down immediately. We may not be able to catch the thief for many days, but I am sure we shall in the end.'

"The next morning we were all very busy when Silverton arrived, and I was ordered to my room until afternoon.

"Hobart,' said Mr. Hughes, in the hearing of Silverton and the boy, 'you are not looking well; you had better go to your room for the day, you had better go to your room and rest yourself.'

"'Thank you, sir. I shall be happy to follow your advice.'

"Instead of going to my room, I hid myself in the cellar, in such a position that I could see any one who might approach the trapdoor without being seen myself.

"After I had been there about two hours I perceived Silverton come down the cellar stairs very quietly.

"He looked all around him, and then walked over to the trapdoor.

"After again standing first one way and then another, and attentively listening, he concluded that all was safe.

"He then placed a board under the trap, a box on top of the barrel, and climbed up and was soon in the store above us.

"I waited until he was fairly through and in the store, and then I gave a rap on the floor for Mr. Hughes.

"This seemed to alarm Silverton, for he immediately commenced to descend.

"'Not so fast, my young fellow!' I said, as I kicked away the barrel and box.

"Mr. Hughes came running down, and was just in time to see Silverton let himself drop to the ground.

"Before he could rise Mr. Hughes grasped him by the arm, and said:

"'You rascal! I've caught you at last, have I?'

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"Like all sneak thieves, he was a coward, and so showed himself.

"Oh, Mr. Hughes," he said, "I've done nothing wrong—indeed, indeed, I haven't!"

"Have done nothing wrong, oh? What were you doing up there?"

"Why, I just saw the trapdoor, and thought I would investigate it."

"I'll investigate you, you hypocrite, thief and pickpocket!" cried the angry owner. "I will put you up!"

"Oh, don't! please don't I—I—I will never do it again! Oh, good, kind sir, please let me off this time!" and the rascal fell upon his knees, crying and sobbing like a child.

"How long has this been going on?" demanded his master.

"Not long, sir."

"Don't lie to me! How long, I ask?"

"About six months."

"How much have you stolen in that time?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, we will soon find out, for I am now going to hand you over to the officers of the law."

"Oh, please don't, dear sir! please don't!" he begged. "I have all the money I stole, and will return it to you if you will not have me arrested."

"Where is the money?"

"In my trunk, in my room."

"Get up and we will go to your room," said Mr. Hughes.

The three then went to his room, and from the bottom of his trunk he took out a large package of notes and counted them to five dollars, and handed them to Mr. Hughes, with the remark that that was all he had stolen.

The money was counted, and amounted to nearly four hundred dollars.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Hughes, "society must be protected, and criminals must be punished—so I am going to hand you over to an officer."

"Oh, do please take pity on me!" groaned the fellow. "I have given you back all, every cent I took, and I solemnly promise you I will never do wrong again. Please don't have me arrested, sir."

"I will listen to no entreaties!" said his master sternly.

"Well, then, if I must be arrested, so be it!" said Silverton, as he sank down upon a seat, and appeared humbly resigned to his fate.

"But that was only a ruse, for the next minute he dashed through the door and ran down the stairs at breakneck speed.

"I was about to start in pursuit, but Mr. Hughes, who is a kind man at heart, called me back.

"'Let him go!' he said; 'let him go! An arrest would certainly ruin him, and perhaps he will strive henceforth to live an honest life.'

This concluded the report of my young deputy, which I filed away among other detective documents, and thought no more of the matter.

Three years afterward I arrested a notorious pickpocket, called "Nimble Charley," and my detective lad, chancing to see him, at once recognized him as Samuel Silverton, of the mysterious drawer memory.

So the rascal was a rascal still; it was in his blood, as it generally is with all such fellows, and leaning toward his first crime did no good in his case, as it rarely does in any. Such persons either pass their whole lives in crime, or in serving out their sentences for their evil deeds.

The Charms of Neatness.

Men are far more susceptible to the charms of a well-dressed woman than ever they themselves are aware of. More so than to good looks. If a girl isn't actually pretty, but is invariably well and becomingly dressed, men will say, "She's an attractive girl," and they will admire and fall in love with her.

For Cupid has always been in league with the milliner, and who can tell how many a proposal is due simply to a becoming hat or a dainty gown. It is usually when Ethel B looking her best that Charlie decides that she is the one woman in the world for him and straightway asks her to be his wife.

It is natural for a girl to love pretty things, and every man wishes to marry a natural, human girl.

The smooth, well-brushed hair, on which the dainty hat is carefully poised, the charming, well-cut gown—and the airy chiffon and laces the feminine soul delights in, have for most men a strong and undoubted fascination.

And men are more sensible in this respect than is generally supposed, for it shows that they appreciate the fact that a woman who takes pride in her appearance is far more likely to make a good wife than one who, simply relied on the good looks she may possess, puts on her clothes anyhow, and is careless about her whole appearance.

Some women have a genius for being dainty without any fuss. Their clothes do not seem them. The poet may rave of "beauty unadorned," but, nevertheless, true beauty ignores the charms of mood and artful dressing, for plainer speech is a charming face and figure which, by their attract far more attention and admiration.

It is the same in addition that decides everything, and by the time a man has chosen the person he is to love he can figure the dazzling effect of an elegant costume, gracefully worn, has done its work.

A pretty gown may bring about momentous results, but a well-dressed woman may later on become blind to the great value of becoming dress when she has to find suitable husbands for her daughters.

Eyelashes and Eyebrows.

Very little attention is bestowed, as a rule on the eyebrows and the eyelashes. A woman will spend much time on her hair as is falling off, but she pays little regard to the intrinsic adornments of her face. As long as there are enough lashes to protect the eyes and the eyebrows are thick enough to make their presence known, she rests content—unaware, perhaps, that much of the attractiveness of her face depends on these minor points which seems to matter. Not every one possesses that distinguished arched curve that is the height of perfection in an eyebrow, or the long curling eyelashes, without which no heroine of fiction was ever yet complete. As a rule, scantiness of hair characterizes the one and stubbiness the other.

A great deal of this unloveliness is owing to the lack of care which nurses and mothers take of their children's appearance, and the stupid habits they let a child acquire regarding them. Eyebrows, to be perfect, should be slightly arched, and the hair of the same length and softness. It should not be too bushy, or it makes a woman look unduly fierce and masculine; or too scanty, so that she appears characterless and insipid. The color should be a shade darker than the hair. The eyebrows must never be rubbed or brushed except from the nose to the temple. Some people contract a bad habit, in childhood, of rubbing them the other way, and the effect is both grotesque and painful to behold. The hairs will never after lie as flat as they ought to do, and bristle in unexpected places. A tiny comb and brush should be used daily on them to keep them soft and smooth.

At the Barber's.

"You are very bald, sir," said the barber to little Binks, as the latter took up his position in the chair.

"What's that you say?" asked Binks, pleasantly.

"I say you are very bald, sir," repeated the barber.

"Who is?" asked Binks.

"You, sir," said the barber.

"What paper did you see that in?" demanded Binks.

"What's that, sir?" asked the barber.

"What newspaper?" repeated Binks. "I read the Sun, Times, Herald, and World, but I didn't see any reference to this. Was it in one of the early editions of the evening papers?"

"Was what, sir?" queried the puzzled barber.

"This thing you were just telling me," said Binks.

"Why, I don't remember telling you——" began the barber.

"About my being bald, you know," said Binks. "You said I was very bald, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the barber, "but I didn't mention the newspapers, sir. Why should it be in the newspapers, sir?"

"Why, because it's news, isn't it?" said Binks.

"I shouldn't say that, sir," said the barber.

"Well, if it isn't news, what in thunder did you tell me about it for?" demanded Binks. "I suppose you had read about it in one of the papers, and had reached the conclusion that I didn't know it. If you find a mule under the left side while shaving me, break it to me gently, please, and you may omit all mention of the fact that my beard is getting gray. I am trying to stave off a realization of the—"

But just then the barber accidentally ran his lather brush over Binks' mouth and the conversation temporarily ceased.

Her Worth.

Bullins—I'd be willing to fight a duel for Miss Dustinberry.

Billters—Well, if you should fight a duel for her, I hope you'll know enough to let your rival do all the killing.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A QUIET DAY.

When mother has a quiet day
And all the house is still,
She listens anxiously and fears
That Johnny must be ill.

When there's no tramping overhead,
No boyish laugh or shout,
Assured that Johnny is not ill,
She knows he must be out.

But if the silence deeper grows,
With muffled step she'll creep
And look within the darkened room,
If Johnny's there asleep.

I rather think, if truth were told,
She loves those days the best,
When Johnny's ceaseless, noisy play
Gives no one any rest.

A quiet day will only come,
Of that there's no doubt,
When romping, tumbling Johnny is
Asleep, or ill, or out.

Tommy's Inquiry.

Small Tommy (at dinner)—Say, ma, what is conservation and natural resources, anyway?

Mamma—It makes the sailing of them for future use, my boy.

Small Tommy—Well it isn't necessary to conserve the pie, is it, ma?

Wasn't Disobedient.

Irate Employer—Johnny, how many times do I have to tell you not to whistle while you're working?

Johnny—Aw, I'm not workin'.

The Search for Quiet.

There was once a man who built a house by the seashore. He built it where he could look over the sound and see the waves roar by. He thought it would be lovely and quiet, but it wasn't. It was noisy all the time, and the gentleman didn't know why. At last he could stand it no more, and he went to a wise friend of his who had lived in many parts of the country.

He said, "Oh, my wise and honored friend, the noise annoys me, and I don't know where it comes from. Tell me what the trouble is."

His wise and honored friend thought awhile, and at last he said: "I know what the trouble is. There's a sound in front of you and a creek at the side and of course it's noisy all the time."

"That's true," said the gentleman, "Where should you advise me to move to?"

His friend said: "I once built a house in the mountains, and it's still there. You can go there if you like."

"I will," said the gentleman. "Then that's the place for me. I want to go where it's quiet."

So he went and looked for the house, and it was still there. So he stayed, and he is living there still—so he must be happy.

THE WINDOW SEAT.

There's a little laddie across the street
Who sees the world from a window seat
There he must stay the livelong day,
For he's small to go out to play.
And mother's too careful to let him stray
And quite too busy to take him away.
So all his world is a block of sky
And a street where the noisy teams go by
Yet he plays and laughs, and he is
Thankful he sees the world from a window seat.

THE LOST KISS.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
What read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low sigh on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little fraudulent fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the deep
Blue eyes of the fairest of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this?"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowdying up from her mother,
And clamber there at my knee
For One little kiss for my dolly
And one little kiss for me?"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her
away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of today!
Take, Lord, from memory forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and pat of the bare little feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
What read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low sigh on the silence
Cry up to me over it all.

The Siamese Twins.

The Siamese twins were the most famous freaks that were ever shown in American museums. They were Chinese boys born at Bang Beckkong and taking their title from the country where they were brought up. Their names were Eng and Chang. The babies, born in 1811, were united by a band of flesh that stretched from the breast of one to the breast of the other. They were brought to America when they were little more than children and were exhibited in museums for many years. Their death occurred in 1872.

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And So He Was.

The goat he ate a rubber shoe
And softly he would hum,
"Oops, I'm doing nothing new—
I'm simply chewing gum."

The Rescue.

The mountain lioness loved her children quite as much as if she had been a human mother, and when they were kidnaped she stole them back again, although she had to go almost into a city to do so. The lioness, or puma, as she would be called by the wise men, kept house in Crystal Park, a wild tract of land near Columbia Lodge. Well, and there were two little awkward yellow kittens that she had to take care of. One day not long ago, while the mother puma was hunting, a man discovered her den and stole the kittens. He took them home with him and kept them in a cage outdoors. Three days later, when the man went out in the morning to feed the lion children, he found that both were gone and that the ground was marked with the heavy feet of the anxious mother, who had trailed her lioness to the cage and carried them in her mouth back to the forest.

THE REASON WHY.

Said the little dog with the long, long tail,
"Why is your tail so short?"
Said the little dog with the short, short tail,
"Both questions are wrong, I've been taught.

"If you wait long enough, you'll surely find out
Whatever was meant you should know."
So down in the road the two doggies sat
To wait—lying two in a row.

Adventure came dashing along
And over poor doggy's long tail.
"I've found out all that I wanted to know!"
Said the curious dog with a wail.